MIDNIGHT

A Macfadden Publication

November 4, 1922

10¢

How a Girl can Get in the Ziegfeld Follies

Confessions of a Doctor's Wife

Dead Men's Clothes

Are Babies Paying the Wages of Sin? — page 4

posed by Elsie Lombard

Next Week--The Thrills!

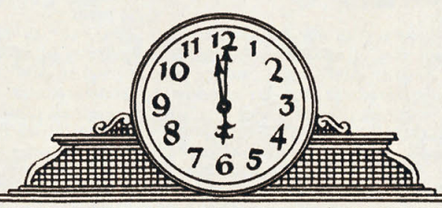
FOR some days a competent editorial force has been going over the thousands of thrills submitted in the Midnight Thrill Contest. It is a big job, but it is being tackled faithfully and well—so that, in next week's MIDNIGHT, we hope to be able to announce the winners.

The contest brought out a number of experiences and it is too bad that nearly everyone can't win a prize. It's no joke trying to select the best from so many that are good.

But the editors are working night and day to select the winners and you can rest assured that everything will be decided in all fairness to the thousands of readers who have contributed.

If you were a contestant, and you should win, we congratulate you on winning over so many contestants. If you shouldn't win, we may at least thank you for your interest, and wish you better luck next time.

BUT—the result will be known next week. Until then—you may hope.



Next Week

"Izzy" Einstein's Own Story

How Dangerous Is Your Husband's Stenographer?

Why You Can't Win On the Race Track

Volume I **MIDNIGHT** Number 12

Cover, posed by Elsie Lombard, of "The Gingham Girl"

CONFESSIONS

Confessions of a Doctor's Wife - - - - - - - - - - - - 21
From the Underworld to Fifth Avenue - - - - - - - - - - 27
Dead Men's Clothes. By an Old Clothes Man - - - - - - - 29

MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE

Behind the Mirror. By Hamilton Craigie - - - - - - - - - 13
The Staircase of Death. By Svengali - - - - - - - - - - 25

FEATURES

Taking a Chance. An Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden - - - - 3
Little Playthings of Fate. By Richardson Miller - - - - 4 and 5
Will Science Defeat Prohibition? By the Cub Reporter - - - - 6
You Have Got to Have the Legs. An Interview with Ned Wayburn 7
When He Hits the Big Town. By T. Bell - - - - - - - - - 9
Abie Watched His Step. By T. Howard Kelly - - - - - - - 11
Madame Pythagoras Tells the World - - - - - - - - - - 12
The Heart of a Tinpanner. By W. Carey Wonderly - - - - - 15
If the Reformers Had Their Way. A Pictorial Feature - - 16 and 17
People We Would Never Miss. By Lyon Mearson - - - - - 19
Why I Think Enright Is Mistaken. By an ex-Bank Burglar - - 23
Does She Own Him? By Ila Damon - - - - - - - - - - 28

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Next Week

Dizzy Denver

She Shot Him to Prove Her Love For Him

Are You Married To Your Wife?

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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 12

Taking a Chance

by Bernarr Macfadden

IT seems quite human to want to take a chance.

Business men do it legitimately every day; thousands of young men and women, reckless of consequences, do it illegitimately day after day.

The difference between them is that the business man takes a chance with the possibility of gain; reckless young men and women take chances with the certainty of loss.

In one sense, the man who bets on the races; the one who runs a race with whiskey; the girl who stakes her most precious possession on the assumption that she can take care of herself—these do not take chances. The finish of their ventures may be safely predicted.

Every time you drink hootch—you take a chance of going blind.

Every dollar you bet on the races, whether it comes back to you or not, is a dollar lost, and with it goes a far greater loss—a loss of character.

Every cent you fling to the spendthrift winds of chance pleasure is a menace to your future.

Every hour you spend in maudlin, tavern conversation is an hour staked with Penury.

Nature never takes a chance. Her laws are inexorable.

So much for so much; fifty-fifty; give and take are the weights and measures on Nature's scales.

You get out of life what you put into it—nothing more or less. The books balance in the end; the law of averages is in ceaseless and relentless operation.

The end of the gambler is thus foredoomed—whether he gambles in money, hours, opportunity, virtue or health; beside each seeming gain stalks certain loss, far greater than the gain.

If you feel that you want to take a chance—try an even bet once in a while. Let the long odds alone.

And it's more than an even bet that abstinence, thrift and virtue will win for you in the long run.

Take a chance on *them*.

If you win, you win greatly; if you lose, you lose nobly.

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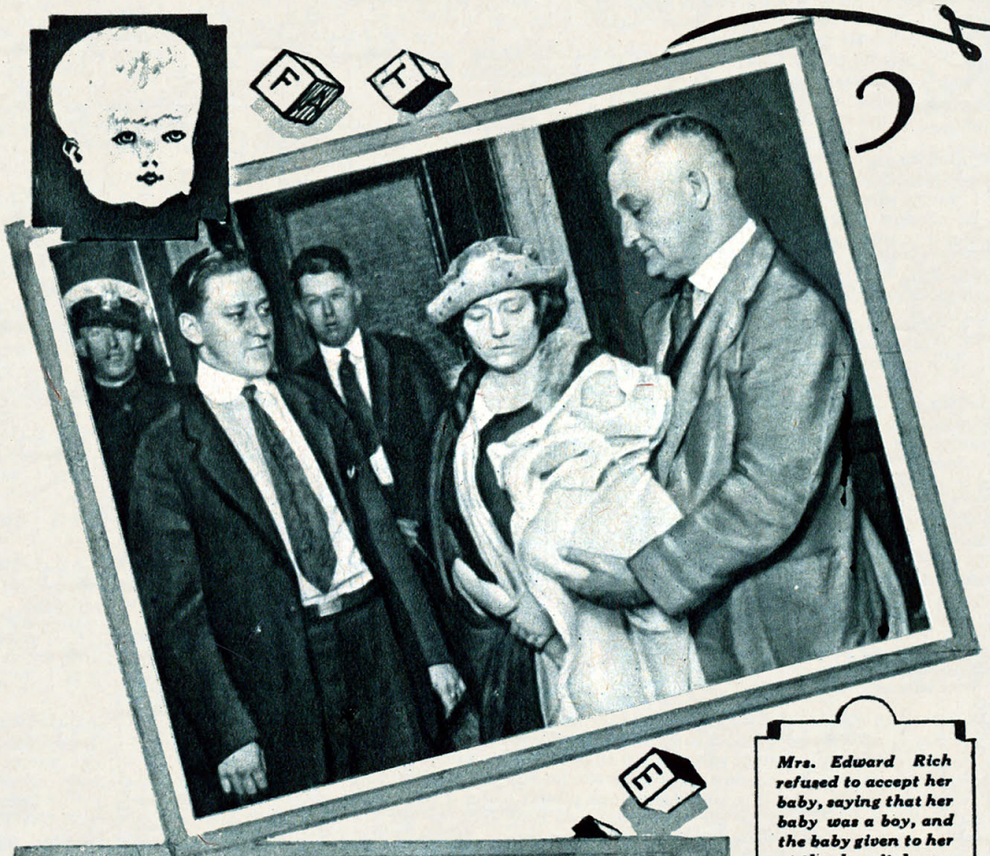
Little Are

A glance at the headlines of any newspaper, these days, will prove to you that babies are getting a pretty raw deal. They are stolen, they are deserted, their legitimacy is questioned, their sex is questioned. They are mute, unprotesting centers of mystery and tragedy. If you're a baby, it's apt to be rather a hard world



Mrs. Edward Rich refused to accept her baby, saying that her baby was a boy, and the baby given to her at the hospital, was a girl. It was finally straightened out

At the left is Guy Stillman, the storm center of the famous case involving his legitimacy, and his brother Bud. The courts have declared Guy legitimate

AS the passions and blunders of the adult population tend, more and more, to complicate and render obscure the safe and sane moral code under which we have lived and thrived up to this time—the problem of the rights of babies becomes more and more important.

It was, to be sure, only a question of time before we would find other shoulders than our own on which to rest the burden of our transgressions. But it doesn't seem sportsmanlike to pick on the babies.

"All men," says our own Declaration of Independence, "are born free and equal"—but no man or woman is born equal to the problem of living down the kind of a future which some babies are having handed to them.

Take the case of Augusta Tiernan and her baby, which was recently decided by a court in South Bend, Ind. in favor of the defendant.

Right—Mrs. Julia Voth and her baby, Mildred, which was returned to her after having been kidnapped

Harry Poulin had been accused by Augusta Tiernan, wife of a professor in the Notre Dame University, of being the father of her child. Day after day testimony was taken—day after day the professor and his wife on one side of the table, Harry Poulin and his wife on the other, fought out the issue as to whether Poulin was, or was not, the father of Augusta Tiernan's baby.

The innocent party, of course, was the baby. That little mite of humanity had done nothing whatever to justify a public hearing as to its parentage, with a consequent doubt, while the trial lasted, as to whether it was to be a nameless child.

Imagine that child twenty years from now, reading the newspapers of 1922, trying to find out what it was all about!

Long before that time, of course, the world will have forgotten. The names Augusta Tiernan, Harry Poulin and baby Tiernan will have passed into oblivion.

Baby Tiernan will then see, exposed in all its crudeness as if the event had happened but a fortnight since, gross facts about her which caused the populace of her babyhood days to weep, sneer or laugh as fancy or mood seized it.

Is it right to pass on this bitter cup? Is it just that any baby should have, as its birthright, such a mess of scandal?

BABY Guy Stillman too, will grow up in the ordinary course of events. He may still have the silver spoon with which he was born; the Stillman millions may build him a castle, secure him a rich, ancestored wife and idle-ease may be his portion—BUT—will his world ever let him forget that once upon a time his father questioned his legitimacy and tried to prove that, not James Stillman, banker and society man was his father, but an obscure Indian Guide in the Canadian woods? And even though the courts of our day have sustained the mother and substantiated the legitimate parentage of baby Guy—did they not also bring out the fact, not controverted by the father, that he himself was the father of two illegitimate children by an ex-chorus girl?

Will baby Guy, in the year 1942, be proud of the blood that flows through his veins, even though it be the blood of the Stillmans? Will he feel that he can pass an untarnished ancestral heritage to his children?

No one can look at the splendid, laughing face of little Guy, now unconscious of the turmoil that rages about him, and not feel more than a passing sympathy for the boy who must grow up and one day learn facts that must serve, in some measure, to embitter his whole life.

These babies have not been served right by society.

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Playthings of Fate

Babies People?

By
Richardson Miller

YET, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children is not, precisely speaking, new in the world's history.

As long ago as 500 years B. C. it was being done, as witness in the writings of Euripides the phrase, "The gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

You see, they blamed it on the parents even then—but sometimes the parents are not to blame, as witness the case of little Edwina X in Jersey City, N. J.

Edwina was born in the Bergen Sanitarium and, through some mistake or misunderstanding, somebody told the mother that her baby was a "boy."

Naturally when, on her leaving the hospital, the authorities handed her a girl, she refused to accept it. She couldn't see how a boy could have been changed into a girl in the short space of two or three wee'.

It was all explained to her, how the misunderstanding came about—but she simply took the stand that the baby wasn't her's, and that was all there was to it so far as she was concerned.

Her husband backed her up, and against the testimony of the hospital authorities, the poormaster, who had taken temporary charge of the baby pending proof of its parentage, and even the Mayor of Jersey City himself—the parents absolutely refused to have anything to do with the child which had been named Edwina X until its real name should be ascertained or accepted.

At last the kind offices of Mayor Hague prevailed. He was instrumental in securing undisputed proof for Mr. and Mrs. Rich, and now the baby has a kind home, loving parents and a name.

BUT—suppose such proof had been lacking (and it wasn't the easiest thing to obtain) where oh where would the innocent cause of the dispute have been?

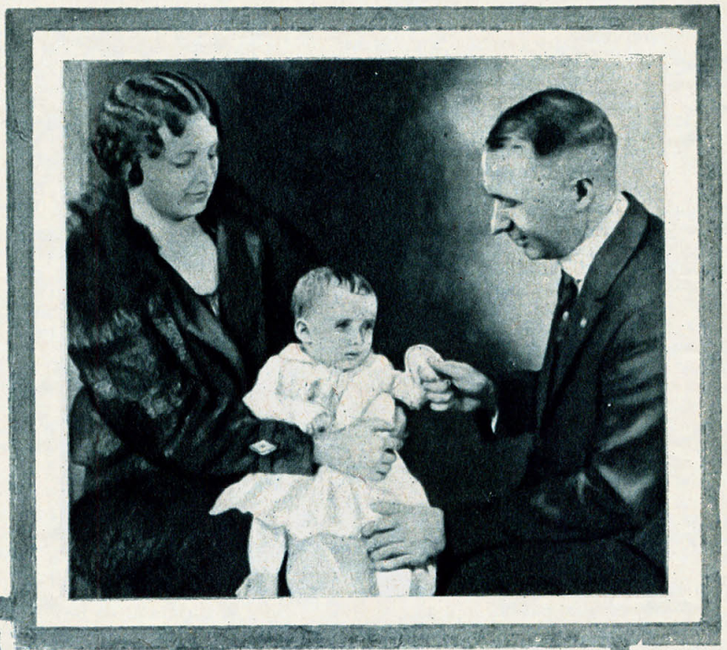
Another case of this kind, which did not get into the news, but which came to the personal attention of the writer, caused some trouble—a father going to the hospital just after the birth had taken place, and learning that the child was a "boy."

It was his first baby and he was so proud of the fact that it was a boy, he went to unheard of lengths to celebrate the occasion in his own way. The celebration involved the expenditure of several hundred dollars. He gave each of his office force a cash gift; he gathered his cronies about him and spread a banquet. He cut loose in an altogether extravagant way—only to learn, a few days later, that the "boy" was a girl. Besides the money he blew in, there was also a wound to his pride and vanity from which he is slowly recovering.

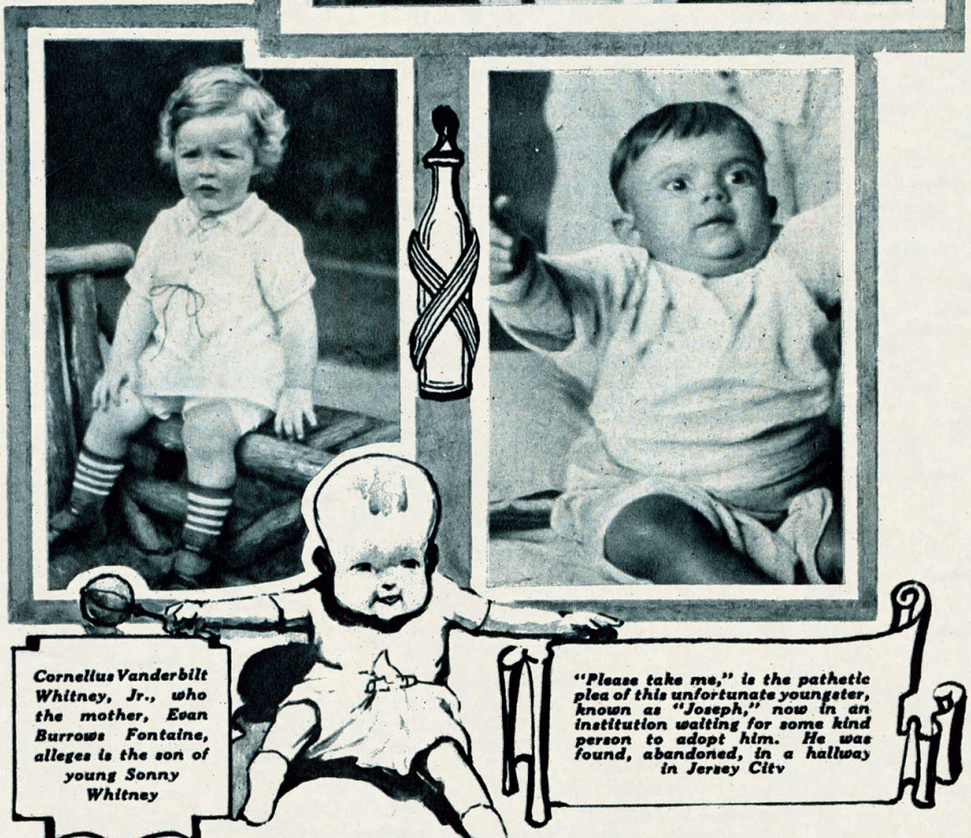
Girls, anyway, often come into the world handicapped merely because they *are* girls. The average American father is little better than a Chinaman when it comes to respect for girl babies. He wants boys. Why? Vanity, for the most part, probably. Then he imagines that there is something masculine in being the father of a boy. Or else he fondly hopes that the boy will have his best characteristics.

As a matter of fact it's the girl who usually looks like and acts like her father; it's the girl whose hand is oftenest clasped in his own; it's the girl who loves her father most and brings to his home a difference in love and domestic attention that makes up for his own deficiencies in that respect.

In handling this question as to whether babies are people—it is not amiss to put in a word for girl babies, and say a word against the selfishness of men in desiring boys above girls—a selfishness that Nature herself defeats, nine times out of ten.



Mr. and Mrs. Tiernan and their baby son, which was declared legitimate in the suit brought against Harry Poulin, whom Mrs. Tiernan charged with the paternity of the child



Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Jr., who the mother, Evan Burrows Fontaine, alleges is the son of young Sonny Whitney

"Please take me," is the pathetic plea of this unfortunate youngster, known as "Joseph," now in an institution waiting for some kind person to adopt him. He was found, abandoned, in a hallway in Jersey City

PERHAPS the most pitiful little playthings of fate are the babies that are born nameless and unwanted.

One day, recently, such a girl baby was discovered on a bench in the waiting room of the Grand Central Station.

An attendant found the little one in time to inspire a search for the mother, who was presently found on a train bound for Danbury, Conn.

She was a Connecticut girl who had been betrayed by a New York man, and in desperation had left her little one to the tender mercies of the world at large.

Arraigned before the magistrate, she told a pitiful tale.

Society hardly knows what to do in such cases—and, certainly, the baby is the greatest sufferer in the long run.

Then, too, there was the young mother who left her nameless baby in a Coney Island swamp. She too was apprehended and the sympathy of millions went out to her when her sordid story became known. For a time she was cared for by private and public charity, but only the other day she again appeared in the newspapers, seeking a home for the little one she was not able to support.

Contrast these with the plight of women who want babies but for some reason cannot, or do not, have them.

(*Continued on Page 10*)

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Will Science Defeat Prohibition?

Containing an Astounding Prophecy Made to the Cub Reporter

By Thomas A. Edison

THE time will come when we can all have a drink, and still not violate the Eighteenth Amendment.

The day is going to arrive when you can step up to a bar and order a Martini Dry, A New Orleans Sazarac, a Clover Club, if you're that kind of a fellow, or a whiskey straight, and get it.

And you'll be able to drink it right under the nose of Mr. Volstead, and recite the Declaration of Independence between swallows.

Beer, wine, whiskey, musty old ale— anything you want—it will be all the same.

And it will all be perfectly legal.

Perhaps I am too optimistic about it. Perhaps nothing of the kind will ever come to pass. But the idea is my own and I am proud of it. And when I put it up to no less an inventor than Thomas A. Edison, the man who invented the moving picture, the phonograph and the electric light, and Mr. Edison thought it was pretty good—well, I got some courage.

It happened one autumn morning when I was sent over to West Orange, N. J., to interview Mr. Edison on another subject altogether. I think we talked about almost everything under the sun—from the relative merits of gut and metal E-strings on violins to the prospects for the harvest.

Finally I blurted out one of the secred wishes of my heart.

"Mr. Edison," I cried, "I'd like to discuss with you a way to beat prohibition!"

"To defeat prohibition?" he repeated reprovingly. "To defeat prohibition?"

"Yes, sir," I insisted. "To defeat prohibition by science!"

"By science?"

"Yes, sir. By science!"

"Just what are you getting at, young man?"

"At defeating prohibition by science," I reiterated loudly. "Mr. Edison, what is the function of the camera?"

"Well, the——"

"Doesn't it record what the eye sees?"

"Yes, I suppose it does ??

"Well, what does the phonograph do?"

"It records what the ear hears!"

"Yes, sir! Well, how many senses have we got?"

"Five!" he replied unhesitatingly.

"Yes, sir? But we've been able so far to record only two—sight and hearing. We've got the camera and the phonograph and that's all. We haven't any machine to make records of what we smell, or feel—or taste!"

"That's right!" chuckled Mr. Edison.

"Well, couldn't you get to work on a machine that would record tastes?"

"What for?"

"To make records of all the drinks! There's a fortune in it, Mr. Edison. You put some liquor records on the market and see what happens!"

"I don't think I follow you!"

"Well, suppose that I wanted a nice, Manhattan cocktail. And suppose prohibition was being enforced. But suppose I had a taste recording machine, and a record of a cocktail. A Manhattan cocktail record. All I would have to do would be to set the machine going in a glass of water, and get the Manhattan record spinning, and when I drank the water, it wouldn't taste like water at all. It would taste like a Manhattan cocktail. That ought to be easy!"

MR. EDISON was chuckling with delight. "That's the oddest idea!" was his comment. "It certainly is a beautiful conception!"

"Could it be done!" I demanded.

The old inventor immediately became serious. "The theory which you have outlined, if you can call it a theory, is perfectly sound," he declared. "Theoretically, it would be entirely possible to achieve an effect much as you have described. But I myself am busy on another device."

"Like that?"

"No. Just the opposite. It is an instrument so delicately sensitive to odors that if I shake a handkerchief in the room where it is placed, and that handkerchief has so much as one drop of alcohol on it, the fact is betrayed by the turning on automatically of an electric light!"

"That's a useless waste of energy," I protested. "What's the good of locating alcohol anyhow?"

Mr. Edison was smiling again.

"Taste, smell and feeling all still remain to be recorded, eh?" he repeated. "That is certainly an odd idea. It is something for the inventors to think about. If I live long enough, I may get around to it some day?"

"If you do," I pleaded, "start on the taste records first—while there is still material to make the records from!"

He laughed heartily as we parted, and promised to think it over.

Since then I have imparted the idea to a number of other leading scientists.

They all think well of it.

And every one of them has promised me the first drink!

The dean of all inventors, whom we show at the right in a characteristic pose, thinks that it is possible that, some time in the future, you will be able to play a Martini Cocktail or a Pousse Cafe just as easily as you now play a record of "Don't We Have Fun!" or any other classical composition.

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You Have Got to Have The Legs!

Says Ned Weyburn who Staged the Ziegfeld Follies of 1922

To the right are the Fairbank Twins, two of the main props of the Follies in its old age. To the left is Avonne Taylor, the living curtain girl of the Follies

Ned Wayburn himself, who tells us all about it here. His motto is, "Say it with legs"

There are few people who know more about legs than Mr. Wayburn—in fact, you would almost think he invented them, from the way they're always being associated with his name. Do you want to become a member of the Follies? Well, read this article. We don't guarantee results—but, of course, you never can tell

ZIEGFELD says that Margie Whittington has the prettiest legs.

But how does he know?

He hasn't seen yours.

What he means is that Miss Whittington's are the prettiest of the well-known, nationally advertised legs. Which proves that it pays to advertise.

Mr. Ziegfeld can easily qualify as an expert, but while assuming full responsibility for the quality of beauty appearing in his shows, he does not depend entirely on his own judgment in the selection of beauty.

Up on Forty-fifth Street, in an office that looks like a bank president's, sits a man who is of considerable assistance when it comes to picking winners for a girl show.

The name is Wayburn, and Mr. Wayburn is the inspiration for the successful exhibition of many a pair of twinkling legs on the stage. He has remodeled more than one raw flapper until her own father has been willing to pay the long price to see her.

WHEN Mr. Wayburn is retained to stage a Ziegfeld production it is a part of his job to assist in the casting. In fact, most of the casting is done in his office. He is the principal source of supply, not only for Mr. Ziegfeld, but for other producers who are particular about legs, and most of them are. For Mr. Wayburn is a connoisseur. He has made the selection of girls a fine art and an exact science. He is an efficiency expert in girls.

With girls passing rapidly in and out of his field of vision, a card file is necessary to keep an orderly record of his impressions. Data on hundreds of

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girls is filed for reference. His card file has them classified according to type and contains complete information for use in casting a production. Much of the information, instead of being confined to mark spaces, is in the form of cryptic signs written all over the cards, such as "O. K. Z.", which means "O. K. for Ziegfeld," or "P. N. Y. N. Z.", which means "Passable for New York. Not for Ziegfeld."

When a girl comes to him her last engagement is noted. If she has been working in a cabaret her chances are not so good as if she had been in a regular stage production. "No X." means "No Experience," and a girl's chances may be better for having had no experience.

There is a column devoted to "Calls," in which is noted the productions for which a girl is subsequently called for try-out and perhaps engaged.

Sometimes there are other marks, blue-penciled and ringed; and sometimes, but not always, one of these marks means that a girl has done something unethical like jumping a show. Perhaps this is later explained away satisfactorily, and the girl is reinstated in good standing.

To keep this card system in working order requires an occasional round-up of the girls. Since the initial registration, some may have gained in experience, in poise, even in beauty. Some of them have to be weeded out. Probably two-thirds of the cards filled out in a month never go into the permanent file. Other girls, a choice few, may receive the coveted accolade: "O. K. for Ziegfeld." But, many are called and few are chosen, for the world is full of girls who are worth a tentative O. K.

WHEN Ned Wayburn is casting a production, if he wants twenty girls, he sends postcard notices to a hundred and fifty or more. Some may be out of the city or under engagement. He cannot safely count on more than twenty per cent answering at roll-call.

Perhaps their postcard notices read: "Please call at (name of theatre and date) at 10 a. m. to see me in reference to an engagement with Ziegfeld Follies of 1922. Kindly present this card for admission."

It is the call many girls have waited for and prayed for, as important as marriage to some of them, a stepping-stone to marriage for others, more important than marriage or anything else to many.

Thirty or more girls appear for twenty jobs. They present their cards for admission to the theatre and at the time specified. Selection of the twenty goes on by process of elimination. Several may not survive the first interview. The rest are in the semi-finals. Presently Mr. Wayburn has them walking around in a circle to music from the production. Then he breaks them into straight lines. The twenty are chosen and rehearsals begin.

There are four weeks of rehearsing without pay. That is the time allowed by the Actors' Equity Association for the rehearsal of girls in the chorus. A time limit is necessary, as rehearsals may go on for weeks. Girls must live, and if they are rehearsing without pay and are not under contract, the time may be a complete loss and they may also have lost, in the meantime, an opportunity with some other producer.

Ned Wayburn has staged the Follies productions since 1916 with the exception of the Follies of 1920 and 1921. While not listed as a producing manager, but rather as a dancing instructor and stage director, he is in fact the actual production man of the Follies. He is called into counsel when the script for any number is under consideration. Once this material is decided upon, the responsibility for the entire production is turned over to him. His jurisdiction begins at the curtain line and extends to the back wall of the theatre on the next street.

The finished production is his interpretation of the material which has been turned over to him, from the arrangement of the numbers to the creation of the costumes and the scenic spectacle of sets and stage illusions and lighting effects.

He assumes every detail and solves every problem of production; engaging and directing costume designers and scenic artists, superintending the arrangement of sets and props, grooming and coaching chorus and principals, rehearsing the numbers, originating, making over, building up the weak spots, polishing, perfecting, welding the various parts into a harmonious whole, fashioning the finished product. Nobody, not even Mr. Ziegfeld, interferes with what he does back of the curtain line.

Much of the work with individuals is done in the Ned Wayburn Studios, for first of all he is a dancing master.

Here he works up specialty dance numbers for the principals, sometimes using three or four instructors to assist in the creation and teaching of one dance number devised for some principal like Evelyn Law, Rita Owen, Murial Striker or Mary Eaton.

All but the latter are Wayburn protèges; Mary Eaton, though not a discovery of his, comes to the Wayburn Studios nearly every day for a lesson.

Ann Pennington, who will appear in the new edition of Sam Harris's Music Box Revue, is also a product of the Ned Wayburn Studios. Wayburn is arranging specialties for her now, and she comes to the studios every day at four o'clock for instruction. Marilynn Miller, in Sally, another Ziegfeld production, is a Wayburn pupil, and so are the Fairbanks Twins, who will appear in the new Music Box Review, now in rehearsal.

Fred and Idele Astare, brother and sister, who have starred in several productions and will next appear in the new Dillingham production, The Punch and Judy, have studied under Wayburn.

The Wayburn Studios is the connecting link between untrained talent and the stage. It is a school of stage dancing where every variety of dancing is taught, including ensemble dancing for musical comedy and specialty dancing such as soft shoe, eccentric, acrobatic, buck, wing, clog, jig, toe, the technique of the Russian Imperial Ballet, character dancing, French and Greek numbers, etc.

But its special function is the development of the Ziegfeld Girl.

When a girl is given a chance in the Follies, it is Mr. Ziegfeld's intention to make her a Follies girl, which labels her as a distinct type.

Everything that can be done is done to make her appear to better advantage than she would in any other production. She must be individualized.

After twenty a girl is good for five years or so. What becomes of her after that? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" You had better read this yarn about how Ned Wayburn picks 'em —it's an ideal business

That is the end Mr. Ziegfeld has in view; Ned Wayburn and the Ned Wayburn Studios may be said to be the principal means to that end.

Mr. Wayburn can go the limit in costumes, scenery, props, anything in fact to get results—or the one result, to make the Ziegfeld Girl distinctive and individual. Mr. Ziegfeld spares no expense to set off the natural beauty of the Ziegfeld Girl in the splendor of exquisite costume against the background of beautiful settings and stage effects. The whole must be a masterpiece of stage production to individualize the Ziegfeld Girl; for she is an American institution.

Wayburn is constantly lecturing on the art of makeup, for footlights and overhead lights destroy beauty unless the make-up is put on most carefully.

Faces may appear distorted and grotesque if rouge is not rightly placed or is used too generously, if eyebrows do not follow the curve of eyelashes, if the corners of the eyes are so exaggerated that they are carried too far toward the ears.

Whenever blue moonlight is employed in a scene new make-up is required, for blue moonlight accentuates the rouge and destroys the effect.

The artistic placing of rouge is important. Rightly placed it rounds out the features. The girl with a receding chin, for example, can make the receding chin less noticeable by the judicious application of rouge.

What chance has a girl to get into the Follies—a girl, say, from McKeesport or Waukegan or Dodge City?

Ziegfeld has no paid scouts to go into the smaller cities and towns.

Ziegfeld himself is ever on the lookout for beauty of a surpassing quality, and often he picks a girl for her beauty, regardless of experience, and sends her to the Wayburn Studios to be registered as a prospect or to receive initial instruction in stage dancing.

But with all his traveling he cannot make all the towns in Rand-McNally.

Girls in small towns may have a chance if they can finance a trip to New York or get a start with a vaudeville team that has bookings in the larger cities.

Their discovery may come in a roundabout way, as in the case of the Connor Twins, who were born in Texas and were discovered by Gus Edwards when they were in high school in Los Angeles. The Connor Twins are the principal Flappers in the Follies of 1922. They made their first appearance in a Gus Edwards Revue just a year ago and approximately eight months later they were rehearsing in this year's Follies production.

Girls all over the country aspiring to stage careers write to Ned Wayburn for advice and encouragement. Every mail brings inquiries and applications. From January to December there is a constant stream of girls seeking interviews at the Wayburn Studios. Every day there are applicants in and out of the profession waiting their turn in the reception room. A stenographer sends a postcard asking for an appointment.

A father calls with a beautiful daughter who wants to assist the family in a financial crisis.

The manager of a company on the road makes a recommendation.

A business man in Brooklyn writes in behalf of an employee.

A personal friend meets Mr. Wayburn on the golf course and tells him about a girl he knows.

Youth and beauty are ready to be recruited from all points of the compass.

On the very day Mr. Wayburn sat for this interview he had received a letter from a girl in Iron Mountain, Michigan.

Experience is helpful but not essential. A girl's capital is her features and complexion, her figure, youth and personality, graceful carriage and a sense of rhythm, intelligence and willingness to work hard.

Not the least of these is the capacity for hard work. Life cannot be a gay round of pleasure. Dancing is serious business. If she has had no experience in professional dancing, she can be taught, provided she is ordinarily proficient in ballroom dancing. Half-hour lessons every morning for four weeks is sufficient preparation for musical comedy dancing. If she wants to get beyond the chorus, she must go in for specialties, for soft shoe, buck and wing, balled, toe, or character dancing.

RECENTLY a girl of eighteen of rare beauty and charm undertook a course of instruction in stage dancing. She displayed no particular talent for the stage; hers was no long nourished ambition coming to fruition. Her capital was her striking beauty. For the first five lessons she did not catch on at all. Then it began to come to her. At the end of the month she was ready for an engagement and she found an opportunity to go west with a vaudeville troupe at forty dollars a week. Next year she may get into the Follies. Her chances are good.

Another recent instance is that of a young married woman whose husband had met with some financial reverses. She came to Mr. Wayburn as a friend seeking advice.

"How would you like to be in Sally?" asked Mr. Wayburn.

"Sally! Why, what could I do in Sally? I never had a day's experience on the stage. I couldn't go in Sally."

"You have the beauty. I can teach you enough of the technique of stage dancing in a few days to give you a start. If you want to go with Sally just say the word. I'll fix it."

The outcome was that the young woman mustered enough courage to try. She had time for a couple of lessons only before the Sally company closed its New York engagement to open in Boston. With no experience, not even the experience of a few rehearsals, she started her stage career as a dancer, and she made good. That may be an exceptional case, but it is not an extraordinary case; for she had the capital to start with, beauty of features and figure, graceful carriage and personality. The undertaking required courage and intelligence, and she justified Mr. Wayburn's estimate of both.

(*Continued on Page 18*)

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When He Hits the Big Town!

The true Story of a dual Personality

by T. Bell

WHEN Mr. John Blank, the President of the Fourth National Bank of Halesville, hits New York he is an entirely different person than the Mr. John Blank who kissed his wife good-bye on the station platform, promised to write to her every day and waved a farewell from the car-window as the 7:45 moved majestically out of town on its way to the great city.

The moment the train gets around the first bend, John Blank straightens up in his seat, adjusts his cravat and looks about him. Is his roving eye seeking the conductor, or the brakeman or the porter? It is not—in proof of which his roving eye catches the roguish glance of a good looking female person, traveling alone, and before a half hour has passed, the same masterful personality that made him President of the Bank moves him toward the young lady who accepts, with downcast eye, the magazine he so gallantly tenders her. An eight-hour trip is thus made agreeable—and before the train pulls into the Grand Central, John Blank has secured the name and address of the young lady, knows that she is on a visit to a sister in Brooklyn and has suggested an appointment to take her to the theater.

If he had dared to make such an appointment with a Halesville beauty, the whole town would have risen in righteous wrath, his wife would have left him forthwith and he would have lost his job. But away from home—on the train—well, that's different.

Arrived at Grand Central, Mr. Blank flings his bag at a porter with the abandon of a college boy. His eye brightens, his step quickens and he hums a tune. He tips the porter a half dollar as he gets into a cab, and his advent at the Claridge is marked by a lightness of manner that Halesville never witnessed.

What does the Bank President do when he hits the big, wicked (?) city? Does he go about his business in a prompt, discreet manner, finish it up, and go back home? He does—not! How can you tell just what is wicked—and, therefore, to be avoided—if you don't go out and sample it? That's what the Bank President does, anyway. T. Bell, in his inimitable way, tells you exactly what happens to the B. P.

In his room, he carefully inspects himself in the mirror, changes his shirt and collar and draws from his grip a bottle that contains a mysterious brown fluid which may be designated a cross between wood alcohol and embalming fluid. He takes a long swig from the bottle, coughs a couple of times and reaches for the telephone book.

"The New Amsterdam Theater? My name is Blank. John Blank. I want two seats well up in front for tonight. The fourteenth row? Nothing better? No, won't do. No, thanks."

He then calls up the ticket office in the lobby of the hotel. "Two for the New Amsterdam Theater tonight. Sixth row? Center? Fine. Save them for me. Right down."

He now consults a note book which he draws from his pocket and he calls a Morningside number.

"Miss Fairweather please—that you, Alice? This is Jack—Jack Blank. Sure. Just got in. Fine—That's great!—Not a thing—All right. Meet you in the lobby in an hour—Fine—Good-bye!"

He takes another swig from the bottle, lights a cigar, takes a turn about the room and smiling to himself, he empties his bag, laying his clothes for for a stay.

At this hour, five o'clock, in Halesville he would be leaving the bank and stopping, on his way home, at the Star Drug Store for a drink of coca-cola. He would arrive home ten minutes later, dinner would be on the table at six, and he would employ the rest of the evening going over some bank papers, reading the news and perhaps playing an innocuous game of cards with his wife and their youngest daughter—the unmarried one—who is ambitious to become a school teacher. Perhaps one of the neighbors would drop in, or a vestryman from the church, and the talk would be about crops, or the League of Nations or the necessity for getting the town's young people to take more interest in the Bible Class.

But this is New York—and crops are far away. So is the Orange Square Presbyterian Church and the local W. C. T. U.

He consults his watch (and the bottle) and going downstairs to the lobby, he picks up the tickets he ordered, paying $16 for them, chatting the while with the girl behind the counter. He tells her that she has the most beautiful eyes he ever saw, and after he leaves she tells her friend at the ciga

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counter that he is the biggest hick *she* ever saw. That makes matters even.

He strolls into the dining room and would order a gorgeous meal had he the time, but as it is, he orders only three courses, after which he hurries back to the lobby and finds Alice waiting for him.

"Hullo," she says rather affectedly.

"Well, well," he beams on her. "Looking sweeter than ever. How do you do it? Got tickets for the theater," he says playfully tapping his breast pocket.

She raises her eye-brows. "What show?" she asks.

"The Follies," he replies. "Wanna go?"

"Why not?" she answers languidly. "Tell me something about yourself."

This is the ninth time that Alice has seen the Follies!

They remain seated in the lobby for fifteen minutes during which he tells her the following facts about himself, with proper embellishments. He has had the best year, financially, in his life; he has been mentioned for Member of the Assembly; he has bought a new Hudson car; his wife is one of the *best* women in the world, and the *dullest*. He is in New York on business of the greatest importance, but while here he will certainly see that Alice is well taken care of; he had a monotonous trip on the cars all the way from Halesville; he hasn't heard a word from Joe since he was in New York last, and that was almost a year ago; he knows where there is a place on Forty-first Street where he can get all the liquor he wants to drink, a traveling man from New York gave him a card to the proprietor; he was elected Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce of Hicksville and while he is in New York he's going to buy some decent clothes.

To all of which Alice listens as attentively as a boy hearkens to the advice of the sunday school superintendent, and with about as much interest He mistakes her immobility for attention and squeezes her long, cold hand a trifle by way of emphasizing sever high points in his story.

"By jinks!" he exclaims. "It's eight twenty. We better hurry."

They leave the hotel and enter a taxi.

AFTER the show they "go somewhere" the "somewhere" being a midnight supper show where the Halesville banker, after having drunk rather more liquor than is good for him, and having made six kinds of a fool of himself, pays a check for $35.75.

During the supper show he has told Alice that she is the whitest girl he ever knew, he would like nothing better than to have her beside him forever and offers, in the event that anything happens to Mrs. Blank, to make her his wife. He doesn't see why he shouldn't soon be Governor of the State—maybe President of the United States—and in this ecstacy of liberation from Hicksville and its distasteful conventions, he slips Alice a fifty dollar bill and tells her to buy herself something nice.

They arrive, in a taxi, before Alice's apartment house at two-thirty in the morning—she lives on Eighty-fourth Street near Broadway—and Alice would put him up for the night except for the fact that she lives alone with her mother and the dear old lady would drop dead if Alice should come in at that hour with a man.

As a matter of fact, Alice lives in one room and a kitchenette and is quite a decent girl, all things considered. She has scruples. But she was, at least, thoughtful enough to promise Mr. Blank that she would call him up in the morning.

Mr. Blank returns to his hotel, a little tight, and throws himself into bed, snoring loudly until nine o'clock when he wakes up with a terrible headache. The bottle is consulted again and a shower, plus a shave and a clean shirt, makes him feel like a new man.

In Halesville this would be his hour for arriving at the bank. Passing through the outer office into his own private office, he would bow frigidly to his clerks, including the towseled haired young lady who takes his dictation. Her name is Miss Pruitt, daughter of a depositer, and she thinks he is the worst grouch that ever lived. "He doesn't know he's alive," is heresy of which she is continually guilty.

But in New York—Mr. Blank is a different man.

He calls up a few business acquaintances—makes an appointment for the afternoon—and goes down to the hotel dining room for breakfast.

Returning to his room, he looks fretfully at the telephone and is about to call up the hotel switchboard to ask if anyone called him while he was at breakfast when the phone bell rings

"Miss Howard?" he says wonderingly. "Miss—oh, yes, how could I forget. Did you find your sister well? That's fine—Me? Oh, I put in a dull evening, alone, and turned in early——This afternoon? Well, yes, after four o'clock. At—Sure. I'll be there. We'll have dinner together. I know a place. Yes. See you then. Good-bye." It's the lady of the train!

If Mr. Blank though himself a devil of a fellow last night he is sure of it now. He doesn't understand what they find in him. Still—He goes to the mirror. Forty-eight and not so bad looking either. Alice said last night that he didn't look a day over thirty-five.

HE'S there like a duck at four o'clock—in the famous Peacock Alley at the Waldorf. He wonders if he'll know her, and as he wonders he feels a light tap on his sleeve.

"You didn't think I'd call you did you?" she, the lady of the train, says wistfully. "You see my sister and I were shopping today and I did so hate to go back to that dull old Brooklyn with her. It's a Godsend to see you," and she keeps that up for ten minutes.

They go to the "little place" on Forty-first Street, near Sixth Avenue, and have a half dozen drinks, Scotch highballs, before dinner. They get real chummy. She tells him about her sweetheart and he shows her his wife's picture in his watch-case.

The evening passes rapidly. People come and go, dusk gives place to night, night to morning. Drink has succeeded drink. The "little place" is closing. The Halesville banker is becoming more and more maudlin. The Brooklyn lady is getting tired. He has told her over and over again that she is the most beautiful girl he has ever met. He regrets that he didn't meet her years ago, and then he happens to think that she is about the same age as his daughter, and tears come to his eyes.

"Sorry," the waiter says, laying a check on the table. "We are closing up now."

The check is $46.85, and Mr. Blank, with the help of the Brooklyn lady, succeeds in separating that amount from the money in his wallet. "Fif'y doll'rs. Keep th' change," he mutters.

Over to Brooklyn in a taxi—"good night" in front of her door—"Sister would just KILL me if I brought you up to the house at this hour of the night,"—a scuffle, a kiss and a flash. Back to New York and the Claridge.

THE next day is Sunday.

He writes a letter to his wife.

". . . . I don't see much in New York. Haven't seen a soul I know since I have been here except Lauderly and Williams. Terribly lonesome and wish I were home. May start for home Tuesday night. Surely Wednesday morning. Love. John."

He calls up Alice. No answer. He calls up the Brooklyn lady. Her sister answers the phone. Lucy has stepped out. Call in about an hour. He consults his book, calls a few other numbers. No results! He sends down for the Sunday papers. . . He has a quiet dinner at the little Forty-first Street Place where he meets a strange girl and buys her a drink. They talk listlessly, drink quite as listlessly, and he tells her what a lonesome place New York is for a stranger. She agrees with him. They leave together . . . .

In Halesville, on Sunday night, he would be at church, in his pew with his wife and daughter beside him. Afterward they would walk home leisurely. He would look over a few notations of things to be done at the bank tomorrow and retire early.

Monday night he meets Alice again.

Tuesday night he takes the train for Halesville.

Arriving, early in the morning, he drinks in the cool, invigorating air, and wonders whether he looks like hell.

His wife greets him effusively. His daughter kisses him dutifully.

"Why, John," his wife says, "you look all tired out."

"It's the train," he says. "I never can sleep in those blamed Pullmans. Got anything for breakfast?"

After he has washed and shaved and put himself in order he descends to the dining room.

"Eight thirty," he snaps his watch case shut. "I must hurry."

"Tell me about your trip," his wife says, and his daughter listens for the answer.

"Nothin' much to it," he drawls. "I got the size-up on the Bromley situation from Williams. Everything satisfactory. But—" and he says this with tremendous seriousness, "I don't see how those people in New York ever stand it."

"Stand what?" his wife asks.

"Oh—nothing," he gulps down his coffee and rushes to the door. "I must get down to the bank."

Salutations from neighbors greet him on his way. In the bank he passes towseled head.

"The grouch is back," she whispers to the girl who works next to her.

John Blank sits down ponderously at his desk and picks up a paper lying before him. He starts to read it—looks up—and presses a button.

All's right with the world!

Little Playthings of Fate

(*Continued from Page 5*)

Inordinate love of children is not an uncommon thing in either married or single women. Often such women resort to kidnapping, as happened to the baby of Mrs. Herman Voth in Harlem.

Mrs. Voth went into a 125th Street Department Store to do some shopping. She left her baby out side in its carriage, and when she came out to look for it, it was gone.

Before she entered the store she saw a woman standing by, admiring the baby, but the mother thought nothing of it—and yet, after the little one was kidnapped, that was the only clue the police had to go by.

A few days later, the janitor of an apartment house less than half a mile from the Voth home, found a baby crying in the hallway and notified the police. It turned out to be the Voth baby, which showed evidence of having been well cared for during its absence.

Doubtless a case of some baby-hungry person desiring to have a little one near them if only for a short while.

Kidnapping for ransom is not at all uncommon. This meets with the heavy legal penalty it merits, and often a baby suffers torture or death at the hands of such crimnals.

The Varotta case is still fresh in the public mind, though the boy stolen was really out of the baby class. In this instance the youngster was found dead and severa Italians, countrymen of the parents, were convicted and sentenced to the electric chair.

Kidnapping, however, often goes hardest with the parents—especially the mother, and has little bearing on the child's future provided it is eventually returned to its home alive and well.

ALL menaces to children, however, are insignificant, beside the assumption of illegitimacy. That has an effect on a child's whole future, and the law very inadequately provides the conditions under which proof of legitimacy may be brought.

The long and the short of it is that a man to who has had access to his wife at a time when conception might have taken place, is assumed, by the law, to be the father of a child born to her under those circumstances. No matter what her relations with any other man, the law is insistent in that point.

In cases of illegimacy, the law provides that if the defendant, whether married or unmarried, married to the plaintiff or not, can be proved to be the father of the child he must contribute toward its support.

Such proof is difficult, especially as a woman who has a child out of wedlock can, in the majority cases, be shown to have had relations with several men beside the defendant. It is indeed a poor defendant who cannot bring forth such testimony, though it be perjured, as the courts seem willing to accept the man's word in such cases rather than the woman's. There is still, in our attitude toward women, the feeling that if they would go wrong for one man, they would go wrong for another or any man.

The writer saw such a case tried in court recently before three eminent judges, and the defendant got away with it. One judge, however, had the courage to differ with his two confreres so radically that he publicly declared that he believed they had been grossly deceived.

This would all not be so alarming except for the fact that crimes against babies are increasing in ratio to the general breaking up of the standards which have held the race and the family together for countless generations.

Birth control, Freudian complexes, shifting standards of conduct, divergent divorce laws—all these have operated to cheat the coming generation out of whatever future it would have were we to seriously go in for building for our progeny.

As it is, we stand to leave them in the lurch.

And, anyway, its mean to play tricks on babies.

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Abie Watched His Step

—but who would have dreamed of being shot with an arrow on the world's most modern street?

By

T. Howard Kelly

Doug, the irrepressible, pulls one that isn't in the continuity. At that, we think that if Abie was to be shot, he ought to have been consulted about it. Pretty good shootin', we'll say.

ABIE arranged his tie with meticulous care. It was Monday morning. He must present a fine front to his workers in the fur shop. Abie was always careful to do that, but especially so on the first day of the week.

"You miss your subway, Abie, and get mashed in that nine o'clock jam. Maybe you get your new hat crushed, or somebody may break your arm. Hurry! Your coffee——"

"Never fear. I don't get caught in any subway jam. I make the eight-thirty express. Come, I eat my breakfast," he interrupted, making a final adjustment of the tie.

"Hurry—Abie—but don't eat too fast. You may choke to death once when you hurry the eggs. Be careful," admonished his wife.

Coffee and eggs finished, Abraham got up from the table, gave himself a few swift dabs with a whiskbroom, and reached for his hat. A kiss for the wife and he would be off to begin another week of business.

As he kissed her good-bye, his wife clutched him suddenly by the arms. "Abie, have you got your charm on? Sometimes you hurry so I think you forget to wear it. Answer me!"

"My safety charm? Don't be ridiculous. I got it here." With these words Abie took his wife's right hand and placed it against a metallic object hidden beneath his shirt.

"Good business, Abie. . . . You never forget, promise me?"

"I swear it!" answered Abraham solemnly.

"You remember the day you forget it at Coney Island—and you nearly swim yourself to death, Abie?" His wife paused and looked searchingly into his eyes before continuing, "Don't you cross that Fifth Avenue——"

"But, dearie,——" interrupted Abie, pleadingly.

"I said it. Don't cross it unless them lights is on for you. Morris Kamowitz gets fresh like that. They got him in a hospital now. Promise me, Abie, you wait for the lights—for the cop——"

"All right, Mama, I promise," declared the furrier.

"Hurry, Abie, you waste so much time talking around. Here you got five minutes to make the express—Hurry."

"I am gone," cried Abie, starting for the door in mad haste.

"Not too quick, Abie. . . . But be careful. I don't want no dead man for a husband. Watch those lights. And the subway doors shut too quick—remember you don't walk into no elevator holes—" she called after her husband as he slowed his pace outside the door and went down the apartment house stairs one careful step at a time.

* * * * *

Abie made the eight-thirty express. He took his regular seat near the middle of the middle car of the train. His wife had long ago pointed out that the middle seat in the middle car was the safest one.

"It is in the middle of both ends, Abie . . . It takes longer for the wreck to get there. You sit there all the time. You promise Mama?" was the way she had put the matter up to him. Of course Abie had promised.

As the express rocked by the local stations like a swift comet, Abie hurriedly glanced over the front page of his paper. The newspapers were full of terrible things, thought Abie, as he read that there might be another war very soon.

"My God, they shoot a fellow for nothing!" thought Abie as he ran through the account of a hold-up on Eighth Avenue in which the robbers had mortally wounded a clothing store proprietor when he refused to unlock his safe. In the next column was the news of two big accidents involving the death of four men in a building collapse. Abie also read of an airplane accident which had caused the death of three soldiers. According to the paper six deaths had been laid at the door of bootleg liquor.

"IT'S tough business, this trying to live," shuddered Abie, "I am glad I got a fur shop way upstairs. I don't want no highway fellows coming after me. I pay by check all the time now. No money for me. I got my car fare, my lunch money. I get back to Rachel safe. That's a great word that 'safety-first.' That's me all over, Rachel."

He arrived at Grand Central without any mishap. The clock over the subway ticket office told him he had ten minutes left in which to make the fur shop before nine.

"I take my wife's word. I got time. I don't try to cross Fifth Avenue unless them lights—" his words halted on his tongue as he felt his balance slipping. Catching a post he steadied himself and looked around. A two-hundred pound woman was waddling away from the scene.

"I'm glad she didn't step on me yet," murmured Abie, righting himself. "If she ever did—good-night for my wife's husband."

Once out on Forty-second Street Abraham mingled his footsteps with the hurrying crowd of Monday morning workers. As he joined the throng he instinctively felt around his chest to see if the tiny charm was there.

"Positively," he beamed aloud, feeling the charm again for sweet reassurance's sake. Coming to dangerous Fifth Avenue the furrier stood stock still in his tracks and surveyed the scene.

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"Them lights is green . . . Not for me yet. I wait for the yellow lights like Rachel says." With these words he took his place in the line of waiting people who fringed the curb waiting for the traffic cops to let them cross the street. When the whistle blew Abie was not the first to dash across the Avenue. He was in the middle section of the office-bound caravan. Perhaps his wife had also suggested the advisability of crossing the street in the middle of the crowd.

Abie walked into the Fifth Avenue building where his fur shop was located. He avoided the first elevator that left the ground floor upon his arrival because it seemed too crowded. The next car he took.

And so, at nine o'clock, another new day and another new week commenced for Abie. It was a fine way to start the day and week. Had he not escaped the dangers of the terrible city once more? Was he not safe in his own fur shop, far above the roar and traffic of the streets. . . . Ah! Absolutely, Abie told himself.

Noon time came to the great teeming city. Two blocks away from the fur shop of Abraham the writer of this story stood in the handsomely decorated and furnished bed room of a Ritz-Carleton suite talking with Doug Fairbanks, of movie fame.

"Yes—yes—" Fairbanks was saying, "I took special lessons in archery for the bow-and-arrow work I did in Robin Hood. I'll show you what I can do. See that air shaft on that tall building? Wait a minute." With these words he hurried over to a trunk and fumbled with the lock a moment. In the meantime.

Abraham had enjoyed his lunch. He had eaten of carefully selected dishes, for at times Abie was troubled with indigestion. It was mighty fine to enjoy your food, your work, your home, and to be safe away from the perils of the city, thought the furrier as he stood at an open window and gazed out into the sun-flooded October day.

Unconsciously, as his eyes looked dizzily down to the street below, Abie reached to feel his charm piece. As his hand went to his chest he suddenly groaned and crumpled in a heap to the floor of the fur shop.

When some of the employees reached his side they found Seligman in a dead faint with an arrow sticking in his chest. The arrow was embedded about a half of an inch. It had evidently ripped its way through his coat, vest and shirt.

An ambulance was summoned from Flower Hospital. But Doctor Mordantz, who came with the ambulance, saw that Seligman was not hurt seriously, so he dressed his wound in the shop and told him to go home and rest from the shock. Seligman went home as directed, but before doing so ordered that detectives be put on the job to find out all about the mysterious arrow which had apparently come out of the nowhere, and, in spite of his safety charm, had struck him down.

"My God! What will Mama say?" thought the furrier as he walked weakly to a waiting cab on Fifth Avenue; "she'll swear it yet I wasn't careful——"

OVER in the luxurious Fairbanks' suite at the Ritz there was much consternation. Doug's aim with his trusty bow had been a little too low. He had missed the air shaft objective. Worry was written all over his usually bright and smiling countenance.

"Suppose that arrow—Good Lord—" he said, in a broken voice. His worries did not end until some time later when it was learned who had been hit by the arrow. Of course Fairbanks was mighty sorry, and he immediately took steps to see Abraham and square things with the furrier.

Now that it is all over it is very probable that Abie's wife will demand that Douglas Fairbanks present her man Abie with a suit of armor such as worn by Fairbanks in his version of Robin Hood. Certainly, Abie can't take a chance of going to his fur work in an ordinary business suit so long as Doug and his bow and arrow are in town.

"You got to take that charm off and wear an iron suit, Abie. New York!!!! Positively it's a fine place to be killed in. If not a building falls on you, a Ford runs over you. If not a robber kills you for money—you stand in your window and get shot in the vest with an arrow. Absolutely it's terrible, Abie!"

A strong, straight-from-the-shoulder editorial by Bernarr Macfadden is a feature of every issue of MIDNIGHT

Madame Pythagoras tells the World

Madame Pythagoras will read your character by your name vibrations. Send full name, and state what initials or other means of identification you desire to use—otherwise full name will be printed. If desired, send date of birth. Madame Pythagoras does not tell fortunes, nor does she read the past or the future. No answers except through the columns of MIDNIGHT

THE OVER-EFFICENT WIFE

B L. D. sends in a pathetic appeal to know "What she can do about it." She says her vibrations and those of her husband jangle. They make such a noise in fact, in their discordant jarring that she is afraid the neighbors can hear them—not that she gives a mark herself but B. L. D. is nothing if not circumspect.

I'll back her up in that too. She certainly is respectable. I don't believe that B. L. D. ever had a really honest-to-goodness, gen-u-wine thought in the whole course of her thirty-six years of life. Yes; she's thirty-six—she says so herself. And her poor husband, G. N. V., has been married to her for eleven years. I'm afraid that it's now too late—nothing can be done about it. Eleven years of "bossing" by a "cosmic state" that vibrates to a complex of fours, and eights, would "get" a numerically stronger man than G. N. V. If there is anything that B. L. D. can do about it that she hasn't tried to do—it would be to "leave him be," and that she could not do without a superhuman effort. What B. L. D. ought to do, is to get a job as an efficiency expert in some very big organization—say a place employing about one hundred thousand persons. It would have to be that many to provide against the daily resignations under B. L. D.'s "efficiency."

In plain American, B. L. D., you're an awful slave-driver and unless you are willing to lay off the job of running the universe for at least one short hour a day—I don't think there's anything that can save your poor husband. You've made a fear-stricken weakling out of him and now you're kicking about it. He's a temperamental artist—his vibrations abound in sevens; and his Path of Life is a five—you could *guide* his faltering footsteps into success, but you can't drive him into it—he gets balky and irresolute. Then, to aggravate this, you take away what little self-confidence nature gave him. Sure, you are *smarter*, I'll admit, but you are not *wiser*. Think it over.

C. E. K.—C. adds up to a five. This shows your inner nature to be versatile, inclined to lack application; it is dual—that is, you are practical at one time, and impractical at another. You are agreeable company—or you don't care enough to be so—just as you happen to feel.

E. is a four; you are quite decidedly practical here; also you can be decidedly stubborn at times; you are a good mathematician and accountant—you have a decided talent for business—good business judgment, but the five is not inclined that way. That gives you the desire to change. You'd do best in some vocation that involved travel.

K. counts up to ten; originality, motive-power; the ability to "start something;" the desire for new and creative enterprises and a liking for big, bold, broad effects in everything, is shown here. This name is talented and very outspoken. Drop the middle name—even the initial. Write your name with the full first name and then the last—no middle—the result gives you six—a number you will find very beneficial to your career—it is thoughtful, intelligent and has excellent judgment.

Mildred.—Your first name counts up to an eight. This gives you ambition; desire for wealth and power. You have the ability to concentrate to apply yourself and to stick to a thing until you get it—tenacity is the word.

Your second name is a four; you have good business ability; honesty, and a straight-forward, even blunt manner. If you had been a man you should have been an architect or an engineer; as a woman you could do excellent work as an interior decorator—you have excellent business ability and a strong constructive sense.

Oddly enough, your name as originally written and with the middle name included, counts up exactly the same as your first name as you now write it—the change in spelling has not made any difference.

The combination of your names produces a three—a keen sense of humor, a love of fun and life and gayety are the characteristics of the threes. Taken altogether your name vibrations are complex—you have a many-sided nature.

Kid.—You have an interesting personality. Your nom-de-identification is a five—dual personality stuff. You like to "try anything once;" maybe twice—if you like it. You are a combination of nines; threes and sevens! Sevens predominating. This makes you temperamental, versatile, very fond of gaiety and of the beautiful and artistic. You do well the things you are made to do—but you do them spasmodically, sometimes with decided interest and at others under stress.

J. Harry.—You have a very good combination of vibrations; you are agreeable, witty, quick to think and act, and you have a very good mind; judgment excellent—always influenced by the pleasurable side. Your Path of Life shows initiative ability, and the power to finish whatever you begin.

Florence Blue.—You did not send me your Path of Life numbers, but your name vibrations are those of the practical, business-like methodical person. You have tact and discretion. You make a good executive because you are a good worker, and you get along well with people, in a quiet, efficient way. You are honest and reliable, but lack initiative and temperament.

(*Continued on Page 20*)

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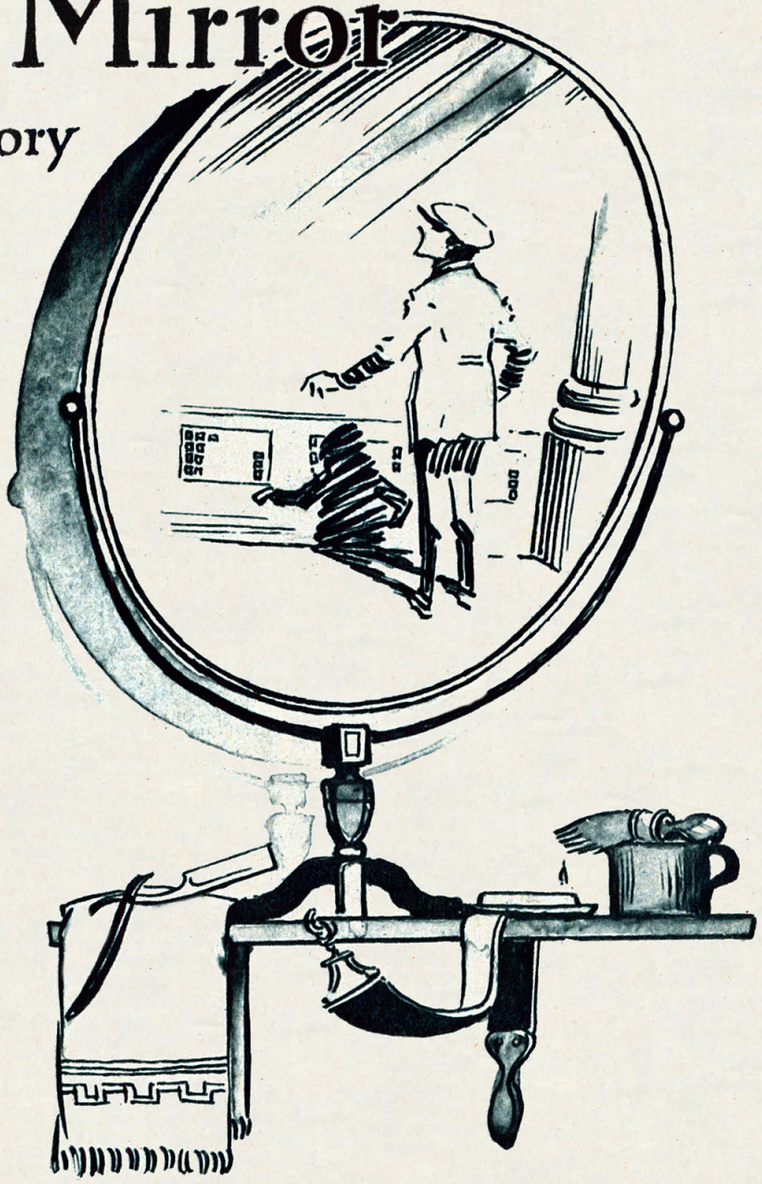
Behind the Mirror

A Gripping Short Story of Unusual Power

By Hamilton Craigie



"Conscience doth make cowards of us all." We do not advise you to read this short story too late at night—especially if you are alone

EVEN a murderer must have his weakness—and the one weakness of Ethan Drane was—ghosts.

It was a weakness that one would scarcely have associated with the high, pallid forehead, the cold eyes, the straight, precise, cruel mouth.

He proved this, when, following a debate which proceeded scarcely above a whisper, he coolly, deliberately, and with an infinite malice, murdered his best friend, Ronald Armitage.

Drane, as the Armitage Estate's executor, had betrayed his trust. He had not gambled, he had not speculated; the funds were there. He had even been able, by judicious investments, to increase them—and he meant to keep for himself that which he had held for another.

When Armitage was turned thirty the funds were to be his; and it was on the day before Armitage's thirtieth birthday that the inspiration came to Drane as he journeyed homeward on the night train from the city. It was an inspiration direct from the Pit.

The train was crowded, as usual. Drane, joining the mad rush from the tube mouth, squeezed through the closing gate and boarded the last car even as the train gathered headway. But there were no seats to be had; Drane had difficulty, even, in forcing his way past the standees, forward to the smoker.

This, too, was full. But it was the usual combination baggage-and-smoker, and Drane, pushing his way into the forward end, found it fairly empty.

It was then, balancing himself to the lift and swing of the heavy car as it crashed over the switch-points, that the idea came to him, full-armed from hell. He nursed it, pondering, his heavy brows drawn downward in a speculative, slow stare. And presently came inspiration.

The train, gathering headway, roared through the Jersey meadows, slowing for the cross-over at Roseville; the heavy car swerved, righted, roared on.

"Hey there . . . . look out!"

Drane, staggering with the sudden impact, jerked his head round in time to see the baggage-man lunge forward, his hand outstretched.

It was a warm September evening, and on either side of the car the sliding doors had been pushed open, as was usual, leaving a wide space, perhaps ten feet by ten. Across this yawning gap—the sole barrier between it and the right-of-way—there stretched merely a thin steel chain, its sole fastening a hook and staple.

The rules of the railroad stated that passengers riding with the baggage did so "at their own risk," but it was a common occurrence. Now, at that sudden outcry, there came another: an exclamation of quick horror—a sudden gasp from a stout man just across. Others echoed it.

Drane saw it then: the white face, agonized, eyes staring, the fingers sliding along the chain . . . . it snapped loose even as Drane looked, the figure falling outward through that opening even as the baggage-man's quick lunge ended in a diving tackle.

There came a grunt, a heave, a quick jerk—and a white-faced passenger leaning weakly against the wall. Saved!

Drane chuckled, but it was a silent chuckle. Leaving the train at his station, he went homeward.

* * * * *

BROAD awake upon the instant, Drane for the moment lay staring out at the gray morning with that sense of pleasurable anticipation which in any normal man is the reaction of a sound liver, and an excellent digestion. Only with Drane it was the thought of what that day would bring that brought him from his bed with the lithe ease of an athlete always in training.

He shaved with firm, quick strokes of his razor, gazing at himself finely in the mirror with a certain pride in the clear-eyed reflection which looked out at him from its depths—well, really, he didn't look a day over thirty-five!

Drane could never abide "safeties;" he used an old-fashioned, long-bladed steel which had been given to him by Armitage. And that mirror, too, had been a present from Armitage; a somewhat old-fashioned, oval affair, it rested now, with a slight downward tilt, on the high chiffonier;.....there was a story about it, he remembered, but he had never heard what it was . . . .

He was humming a little tune as he left the house where he kept bachelor quarters—a wordless melody; he passed the policeman on the beat with his usual restrained: "Good-morning, officer!" Ethan Drane believed in the law and its upholders; open violence and crime he deplored with the wholehearted repugnance of the law-abiding.

He went up the steps of the great house on the corner—rang the bell—to be met with an immediate:

"Come in——come in, Ethan—be with you in a moment."

Young Armitage arose from the breakfast table with a leisurely slowness.

"Well, you haven't a great deal of time, Ronald—you haven't much time left," said Drane.

Hat in hand, Ronald now stood a moment in the doorway. Behind him, hovering in the background, like a beneficent and fluttering wraith, his mother—grown old gracefully with the years—his lady-mother, and—he was all she had.

The mother spoke, low out of the shadows:

"His father over again, Mr. Drane."

Drane bowed, face averted.

"The—resemblance is—striking," he said stiffly, turning to the boy, for he was little more.

"Come, Ronald," he said. And, out of the shadows, even as he spoke, there sounded a whirring, as of invisible pinions, a clanking; then, from the hall clock there boomed one sonorous note.

Falling into step now with the younger man, abruptly he found himself beginning all over again the argument, the termination of which, but a week in the past, had hardened his purpose, if hardening had been needed.

And, as Drane had calculated, they made the 8:45 in a last minute scramble, and, as it chanced, it was the combination baggage-and-smoking car; they boarded it in motion. As Drane had foreseen, there were no seats to be had.

It was Armitage who suggested it:

"Let's try the baggage end, Ethan," he prompted, crowding past the standees in the aisle. "We'll have to stand, but it won't be for long, and, anyway, it's better than this."

Drane, grinning his cold grin, followed him.

The train had been gathering speed even as they talked. In five minutes it would be due at that cross-over. It was a heavy train, and there was a good deal of side-sway; the wheels shrieked, wet with the rain, as the snoring challenge of the engine rose in a deep-toned thunder, heralding the cut.

The car, a steel one, careened, righted; Drane staggered, lurched, cannoned against Armitage, flung out a hand. . . . . There was a gasp, a cry—the plunging rush—the glimpse of a face, like a white glimmering oval in the downlash of the rain.

Armitage was gone.

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Drane, leaning weakly against the door-casing, covered his eyes with his hand.

The chain swung now from a single hook. The barrier was a barrier no longer.

THE conductor, with a slow headshake, made an inarticulate murmur in his throat. He lifted the doorchain, let it fall.

"Th' fool!" he muttered, beneath his breath, pursing his lips. "He must have lifted it from the hook . . . ."

Frowning, he began to write out his report.

ETHAN DRANE, returning to his bachelor dwelling in the town of Apex, gazed out of the car window with unseeing eyes, or, rather, with a far gaze that looked beyond meadow and stream and hill to a horizon beckoning even now with every turning of the wheels.

Ronald Armitage was dead; there was no possible clue to connect Drane with the murder, because—there had been no murder, that anyone knew of; it had been an accident. And Ethan Drane alone knew that it had been no accident. And there was a further irony: Armitage had never known; he had never even suspected, even at the last, unless, indeed, he *knew*—now.

FOLLOWING the killing, Drane had left town abruptly in answer to a telegram; it was a small thing, and really unnecessary, but he had seen to that; it had been a part of the plan, if a very small part. Somehow, he had not wanted to attend that funeral; it was his sole concession, perhaps, to a fugitive remorse that he was far from feeling; and he had carefully avoided the obituary notices. . . . .

Returning now, a week following the "accident" at the cross-over, he spread open a daily paper in his lap, and his eyes again narrowed as the headlines leaped out at him in a double-column spread:

PROMINENT BANKER A SUICIDE
Cuts Throat with Razor

Drane had known the man, but slightly. It had been the old story: a man in a high place, with a maggot in his brain—the festering secret of an early sin—remorse—and expiation.

Drane sneered. "The fool!" he murmured. Well—men were either sentimental asses, or—just cowards—that was it. Well—and that was the *last thing* he, Ethan Drane would ever do! The *last thing*. And it had been the last thing that banker had ever done.

It was a warm September evening, with a promise of storm, as Drane let himself into his house with his latch key.

His one servant, the dinner things cleared away, left as was his custom. And with his going Drane, with a sigh of satisfaction, turned to his one weakness, taking down a great book from the high case at his elbow. It was: "The Traveler Returns," by Lombardi.

But, unlike most devotees of the Occult, Drane was not a Spiritist in the sense that he attended seances, believed in levitation, ectoplasm, planchette; he soothed his soul rather with the shibboleth of Spiritism as he had discovered it in books. He fancied that it was an approach from the scientific side; coldly impersonal; a sort of dilettantism, as it were—a flirting with the Veil, in a quasi-humorous, semi-sardonic gesture, in its way almost a condescension, a—a descent . . . .

Hyslop. James, Lodge, the less popular De Sanctis, Ellis, and the rest—he had read them all, and now, tonight, retiring on the stroke of midnight, he was conscious for the first time of a mounting excitment, a tension vibrating in the singing silence, felt but *unseen*.

The silence grew; fluid, it was like a wall invisible, save, nearer now, the low mutter, the sullen, far rumble of an approaching storm.

He undressed, snapped out the light, to lie long awake, thinking, brooding, obsessed with that strange weight that was yet not fear, nor yet belief, but sort of waking nightmare.

At length he slept, his sleep colored by fantastic dreams, to wake to a morning, drizzling gray, gray as that gray day of Armitage's passing.

The oppression that he had felt by night waxed stronger; the sense of being followed, of a presence ever at his back, grew as he passed restlessly from room to room. Once, halting opposite a mirror in his study, he wheeled abruptly to face—the wall, merely, the empty, echoing silence, with the ceaseless drip-drip of the rain. But for a fleeting instant he had thought to see a something in that mirror—a something that peered and grimaced with an unholy mirth. But there was nothing there.

He forced himself to face that glass, and again he gave backward one single halting step at the face peering out at him from its dim, smoky depths. It was his own, but subtly changed; it was like a white, glimmering oval; high, peaked forehead, staring eyes.

Drane was in the habit of shaving himself every morning; it was a part of his daily routine—as regular as everything else that he did. Now he lifted the bright steel.

And again there came that icy shiver, like the breath of an invisible, cold wind, blowing from the gates of night. His hand, holding the razor, trembled as with a palsy.

With a hard-held effort of the will, the while inwardly he cursed at the weakness which beset him, he lifted the razor, forcing himself to look into that glass. As usual, it was tilted slightly, at a downward angle. He saw merely his own pallid countenance, but a face just now charged with a sort of white violence, of frenzied calm. That presence at his back—he had felt it there on the dark stairway, even by day. Lombardi was right: the Traveler *did* return, and out of due time, as it might chance.

And all at once it came upon him, there in broad daylight, that he was haunted—would be, till the end.

Again he lifted the razor with fingers that trembled. He put it down, steadying his hand against the table-top; then again he lifted it.

His pointed chin showed blue against the bright blade; lean nose sharpened to a point; eyes wide, staring, as he began to shave.

And then, gradually, as a veil is drawn over the sunlight, there came a sort of glimmering darkness; he saw that face familiar and yet unfamiliar, like a white, glimmering oval, facing him from the depths. It was like gazing into the finder of a camera, but looking through the lens rather than *at* it: at first he could see his face clearly enough; then, it had blurred strangely, as if his eyes were out of focus. And then, even as he looked, it was—it was not his face, but the face of another, small at first, it seemed to be coming toward him, larger and larger: Ronald Armitage!

And with the sight Drane knew, beyond peradventure, that the dead man was behind him, his fleshless talons reaching for his throat. It had come! There was a sudden clamor at the doorbell, but he did not hear it. With an inarticulate, mumbling outcry, he raised the bright steel in a raking slash, across and across . . . .

TWO men came walking rapidly up the tree-shaded avenue leading to Ethan Drane's house. The shorter, a stocky, square-shouldered individual, spoke now in crisp sentences, over his shoulder, to his companion, who, bandaged, pale, seemed put to it in his efforts to keep up:

"Tell you what, Mr. Armitage," the stocky man was saying, "I don't think there's a chance; we'll never find him; he's made his getaway long before this—I'll gamble on it. But when I found you in the hospital it was some time before you could talk, and when you did about all that we could make of it was 'train'—but of course I couldn't have known.

Armitage spoke between set teeth:

"'Drane'—yes—but I do believe he thought *I* never knew—but those eyes—I read it, I tell you, sergeant, just a split second before he—before I went through that door; after that—nothing more, of course, until you found me in the hospital."

Sergeant Haggerty nodded, quickening his pace.

"We'll know—in a minute now," he made answer jerkily, with the words mounting the stone steps. There came on the instant a quick cry from Armitage; it was not repeated. His finger on the bell-push was answered by the distant clamor of the bell, muffled, as between thicknesses of walls.

Abruptly they heard the slamming of a door, a voice: a quick, sudden outcry, and the pad-pad of running feet.

"Oh, my God!" wailed the voice. "Oh—my God!"

A door crashed from just overhead; there came again that high, wailing cry, and the sound of a hurried footfall on the stair. The door burst open, and framed in the opening they saw a tall, lean man in the habiliments of a servant, face contorted, eyes wide. For a moment his loose lips worked soundlessly; he seemed not to see the two upon the step as he stood fumbling and peering in the doorway. Then:

"Oh, my God!" he said again, in a curious, high sing-song. "It's come—they've taken him—as I always said they would!"

Armitage stood white-lipped, calm.

Haggerty spoke low, but beneath the silken tone there ran a hint of iron:

"Now—I'm Sergeant Haggerty. This gentleman with me——"

Haggerty flung wide the door, Armitage at his heels. They stood, in a frozen silence, regarding the huddled figure on the carpet.

Armitage, stooping, stared; then stared again, gazing at his reflection in the mirror—white face and staring eyes, filled with the horror of that tragic end. He turned slowly, his expression sombre, facing the two gazing at him with a sudden interest.

"I think it was a retribution," he said quietly. "For he saw a ghost, or he thought he did. You see, the mirror is tilted—just enough to reflect the street outside, and anybody walking on it, and it was—myself that he saw, there in the mirror! He thought me dead, of course; the sudden shock was the last straw; for I looked up, saw him in the window, even as he saw—"

He paused, glancing sidewise at the huddled figure on the carpet.

"——The living ghost!" finished Haggerty for him, with a tight-lipped smile.

The New Home of Macfadden Publications

The six-story building at 1926 Broadway, which has been taken over by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will be occupied by them as soon as possible after November 1st

Notice To Our Friends and Patrons

DUE to the steady and rapid growth of the six periodicals constituting the Macfadden Publications, Inc., together with the highly satisfactory increase in our book publishing business, it has become necessary for us to move to larger quarters.

Accordingly, we have taken over the entire six-story building at 1926 Broadway, corner 64th Street, and will move in as near the first of November as possible.

We realize that our growth to the point where this change becomes necessary is due to the friendship and support of the readers of the Macfadden Publications, and we take this occasion to express our sincere appreciation of the loyalty with which they have stood behind us.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 113-119 West 40th Street, New York City

Publishers of
Physical Culture, True Story, Movie Weekly, National Brain Power,
Beautiful Womanhood, Midnight

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The Heart of a Tinpanner

A Serial by W. Carey Wonderly

An enthralling story of the "No-Woman's-Land" of New York

OLIVE ADAMS, a young poet, meets Christopher Leinster, a good-looking young man of the upper classes, and is rapidly falling in love with him. She himself is loved by Dick Thurston, a newspaperman, who warns her against Leinster—he tells her that men of that class don't marry women of hers, but she laughs at his warnings. She goes out a great deal with Leinster, and is just beginning to discover that she is little else to him than a plaything—a companion of his idle moments. She finds her clothes are not good enough to warrant her going out so often with a man of Leinster's class, but Gina Sevening, a girl of the "tinpanner" type, promises to take her to a shop where she can buy clothes on credit.

One of the most daring, most truthful stories ever published. If you have not yet commenced to read this serial, you had better do so at once. The synopsis will bring you right up to date on it

CHAPTER VIII

The Man Who Uses Women!

OLIVE spent the next morning working on some poems and "fillers," the ideas for which had been given her by Thurston. The *Town Mirror* had sent her a check for "When Youth Meets Love in Springtime," and the mere sight of the money acted as an incentive, so that she put her wits to work and turned out several bits which later on Dick pronounced well worth while.

"You ought to get on as a writer, you know," he said, in complimentary manner. Olive looked pleased, but shook her head at the idea.

"I want a lot of money, and I want it before I get old, so old that I don't care whether a car is a flivver or a Rolls-Royce, for instance. I think my music will turn the trick in less time."

As arranged, she met Gina Sevening in the parlor at the Manhattan Hotel at twelve-thirty, and Gina took her to a place in Forty-sixth Street, off the Avenue, where a woman with a French name and an Irish pedigree greeted her enthusiastically. Gina couldn't wait until Olive had made her entire selection, but before she hurried back down-town she had recommended and advised, with excellent results. Madame Gabrielle raved about Olive's hair and skin and figure. She listened sympathetically to Gina's somewhat imaginative story of Olive's future as a singer, but advised her shrewdly to eschew the concert stage and go in for musical comedy.

"If you can sing, so much the better, though a girl with your face and figure isn't required to have a voice, my dear," she said.

She handled dollars as Olive was used to handling pennies, and Gina, too, talked in large figures, contemptuously casting aside anything less than sixty dollars. Olive had prepared a list before leaving home, and she didn't well see how she could get along with less, but the total when presented frightened her. There was a coat-suit at a hundred and a quarter, a black evening dress at ninety, a coat with collar and cuffs of raccoon at a hundred and fifty, and a hat to be worn either with the suit or coat at sixty. Two blouses were ten dollars each, and some gloves and stockings sent the bill to five hundred dollars. The total no less than the clothes fascinated Olive, who whispered to Gina that she'd never in the world be able to pay it.

"Oh, yes, you will—sometime," said Miss Sevening carelessly. "You must promise to pay twenty-five a month at least. It's all half profit, at this shop, and she expects long credits. Take what you want; you never know what's around the corner—maybe a mad dog or a runaway taxi. That's the way I look at it."

(Continued on page 18)

"At last!" she cried, bursting upon Thurston in the hall. She made a pretty picture in her smart togs, with a fine color mantling her cheek

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If the Reformers

THE WAY OF THE REFO

Art would be a very denatured proposition i way. Civic Virtue would probably be mo garbed, as shown on this page. And as fo clothing in which our waggish artist has so cl a distinct advance over the early Grecian art might be called the Cloak and Suit School of you hear is not the wind in the tree tops—it turning in their graves. This is a family pap ourselves on giving you "All the nudes that' that in justice to the morals of the nation—if —we ought to edit the old m

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have their way

RMER

f the reformers had their e virtuous if becomingly r the female figures, the verly covered them shows to say the very least. It Art. That rustling sound s made by dead sculptors r, and although we pride fit to print," yet we felt ou'll believe the reformers sters a bit

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You've Got to Have the Legs

(Continued from Page 8)

NED WAYBURN does not guarantee engagements for any of his pupils, but he does assist a great deal in securing engagements. He is a source of supply for producers. Being a discoverer and a developer of talent, he has a ready market for his product. In a few instances he personally manages dancers. Ray Dooley is under his management; so, too, is the Girls' Band which he originated for Irving Berlin for the new Music Box Revue. It took him six months to find the girls for this band.

When rehearsing a production, Wayburn will see nobody. Between rehearsals, a great part of his time is occupied with seeing girls who are seeking engagements or the training and experience. In his office in West Forty-fifth Street, an office done in soft shades of gray and blue with touches of white and with silk-covered dome lights to match hangings and carpet, he interviews embryo dancers for the Follies. His inspection is close but not disconcerting; he gives a nice attention to detail, but in so casual a way as to set at ease any girl inclined to nervousness. There are chairs on either side of his desk, but he always has a girl sit at his left. He pulls the silk cord of the light over the desk, and the soft light reflected upon her, with the light from the windows, is the exact amount to disclose the perfections and the imperfections of her beauty.

He notices her hair, her features; he puts her at her ease as he questions her and presently he gets her to smile and notices her teeth. Such is his experience that, in his casual glances from head to foot, he can visualize to a nicety the contour of her body. Almost his first glance is at her hands, for her hands reveal her age. Age is an important consideration. After twenty, a girl is good for only five years or so. If she starts at sixteen or seventeen, she may last for ten or more. This is partly because the work is exhausting, partly because new talent develops so rapidly and so abundantly. By the size of her neck, if she is well proportioned, he determines the measurement of the calf of her leg. He has her walk around the office that he may note her carriage. Frequently a girl's beauty is marred by her walk. Perhaps she wears her heels slightly on the outside, infallible evidence that she does not know how to walk and a defect that spoils the trimness of her ankles and consequently the beauty of her legs. While he is talking to her, Wayburn is making notes which later will be transferred to a card and filed away. The last things he looks at as she is walking away from him toward the door are her ankles. Ankles are all important. By the ankles he knows the shape of the legs. And the legs are everything.

A girl must have the legs.

There was a time when less than perfection was acceptable. If, for example, there were hollows on the inside of the legs above the knees that were noticeable with the knees together, the defect would be corrected by the wearing of bands padded to fill the hollows. But these are not being worn anymore. In these days, a girl must have the legs.

Given a girl with average intelligence, a walk that talks and a smile without dimmers, a face and figure that will make a fellow in the back row clutch his program and say, "Mother, look out for your boy!"—given that, and you have the old original stuff of which dreams are made, dreams that come true in the Follies and make you want to give up $4.50 per each for tickets and not care a damn.

But she must have the legs.

Ask Mr. Wayburn or Mr. Ziegfeld. They know.

The Heart of a Tinpanner

(Continued from Page 15)

When the clothes came home, Olive put on one of the new blouses, the coat-suit and the hat, and went to Aeolian Hall to see the agent about a concert engagement. Madame Gabrielle's apparel was *tres chic* and Olive herself looked both smart and lovely; for the first time she saw Ivan Edwardy and talked business with him. Edwardy, an American violinist with a "continental" name, was going on a concert tour, and he wanted a singer, a woman, attractive but not too clever, for he wanted to gather all the laurels to himself, besides saving a regular salary. Olive had no reputation and scarcely any training, but a promising natural voice enabled her to sing a number of the standard platform pieces with pleasing effect. After all, Edwardy was the star, and he had no intention of permitting another artist to usurp the spotlight. He was not averse to traveling around the country with a pretty woman, nor to saving a salary. He never discussed money matters with artistes but he gave his manager to understand that Miss Adams was a possibility at seventy-five dollars a week.

SEVENTY-FIVE a week looked like a lot of money to Olive, who didn't take into consideration that the present season was of fifteen weeks only, and that very few professional people could secure engagements for fifty-two weeks in a year. She could consider forty weeks a fine season, and many of the minor concert singers eked out a living in church choirs. But she didn't know this, and the seventy-five loomed as important as a modern Croesus' income, and she went home to Thirty-fourth Street in a high old humor.

"At last!" she cried, bursting upon Thurston in the hall. She made a pretty picture in her smart togs, with a fine color mantling her cheeks. Her saucy head she held high, and one hand lightly touched her hip. Thurston's blood quickened as he looked, but he saw too the new clothes, and these occasioned the frown.

Olive overlooked, or else chose to ignore, this, however, "I have an engagement—I shan't say 'at last,' because it is a good one—I think—and I'm quite elated over it. You're right—New York does appreciate good singing—and new clothes." She smiled and made a little *moue*. "I am going with Edwardy on his concert tour."

The frown deepened. "I hope not!" said Thurston, almost involuntarily.

Olive opened wide her eyes. "Why not? . . . If you mean because of some silly story——"

"Not stories, but facts."

"A newspaper man is imaginative—naturally."

"Naturally he's the least imaginative person in the world. Ivan Edwardy—It's not a nice thing to say—he uses women."

"'Uses women'?"

"A woman of wealth, of social position, even of Broadway notoriety . . . for his own selfish ends—for publicity. I've got the dots on the fellow now."

"Oh-h! How—childish that sounds! Anyway, an artist surely has his prerogative. I mean," she added hastily, overcome at his scandalized expression, "the world doesn't expect a really great person to be quite sane. An artist is rather like the kings of old—he can do no wrong. What has the personal side of Edwardy got to do with me, his soloist?"

"The fellow is thoroughly unprincipled."

"You are disappointing. I thought you'd be glad for me."

"Glad for you? I'd do murder for you, Olive!" His hand went out and grasped hers. He had never called her by her given name befor. "But this man . . . is not the right sort—even professionally. He is third rate—cheap; a bad fiddler and a good looker. That's his stock in trade, really—his appearance."

"I never thought of his looks," declared Olive truthfully. "It was all the time the seventy-five dollars." She laughed. "I don't even think him handsome." She didn't, with Kit Leinster's immaculate grooming and golden eyes stamped indelibly upon her brain.

"He's mixed up right this minute with a young woman here in New York."

Olive started. "Who?"

"Edwardy. We *were* talking about Edwardy, weren't we?"

"Why, yes. Of course!"

Her seeming lack of enthusiasm chilled him.

"You doubt what I say? . . . I even know her name and the address of their meeting place. When the bait's set I'm going to trap the bird. Edwardy is a menace to public morals and I'm going to run him out of New York. You mayn't know, but this is a big thing. I gathered all the data myself, and I'm going to 'scoop' it for my sheet. It'll cause a sensation with this young woman's name—old Joshua Bellwood's daughter."

He said this slowly, watching Olive the while, but the effect as far as she was concerned was nil.

"It isn't a nice business, I think," she told him, head on one side.

He almost shouted.

"Of course it isn't a nice business, and I'm going to put a stop to it once and for all. It will be rough on the woman, yes, but . . . think of all the other foolish hero-worshippers it may save! Don't you see, Olive?" His voice softened. "Don't accept anything from this fellow. Wait a bit—something else is bound to turn up."

But Olive could only remember her debts, and that with money earned, there were other wonderful things to be had at the shops. "No, No," she said; "I think I'll stick to my contract and go out with Edwardy."

"Knowing what you know?" Thurston demanded.

She made a little gesture of dissent. "I only know what you've told me. I'm sure he treated me beautifully."

"Beautifully! . . . Do you doubt what I've told you, Olive?"

"No. No." She said it with a certain sense of irritation. "I don't doubt your sincerity, but . . . you may be mistaken."

"No!"

"I need the money. Engagements don't grow on trees."

"If you go with Edwardy——"

He stopped. Olive glanced at him and then something in his face, in his eyes, drew the blood to her cheeks.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Thurston," she said. "You are prejudiced. I shall certainly act as I see fit."

CHAPTER IX

An Unexpected Proposal

THE outcome of this conversation was a coolness between them, chiefly Olive's fault, it must be confessed, for Dick displayed a tendency to patch matters up and would have been glad to meet her more than half way. Stubbornly he insisted to himself that he was right, though he didn't always add that Olive was wrong. She wasn't wrong, she was only foolish—clean-minded and easily swayed. He watched the growing intimacy between her and Gina Sevening with increasing uneasiness, for he no longer denied that he was interested in Olive Adams. He had denied it once, but no more. Thinking it over Dick reached the conclusion that he was interested in Olive from the hour she entered the house.

And it was to end like this! His romance! He suffered few delusions concerning Gina, and she had Olive in her train. He felt that Gina was responsible at least in part for the new Adams wardrobe. Only one thing saved the face of the situation—there were no more motor-cars with liveried chauffeurs inquiring for Olive. This was a bit heartening. If her engagement—even her engagement with Ivan Edwardy—was responsible for her breaking off from the tin-pan pack, that was something. Of the two men, Thurston felt that Leinster was less harmful than the violinist, but it was the things for which he stood, the class that Christopher Leinster represented, that Dick feared and detested. The wine of life, quaffed from the Leinster cup, was sufficient to poison a girl's whole existence. There was Gina Sevening; surely she was example enough. What did Gina hope for? What did the future hold in store for such as she? . . . A "good" girl, but as Nietzsche has it, botched.

On her side, Olive was scarcely more happy than he was, but for a different reason. She refused to take Dick seriously, and confided to Gina that he was a most obstinate fellow . . . which spelled his dismissal. It was Leinster who caused her anxious moments, then secret suffering. For Leinster maintained a stony silence, and neither by telephone nor letter was she permitted to know that he was as much as in the land of the living. He was perturbed over the broken engagement, but Olive scarcely saw how she could smooth things over, even though she considered writing to him. Fortunately self-pride kept her from this lowering of dignity; she wept herself to sleep and thought no body knew. But Gina, after waiting a week took the bull by the horns.

(Continued on Page 20)

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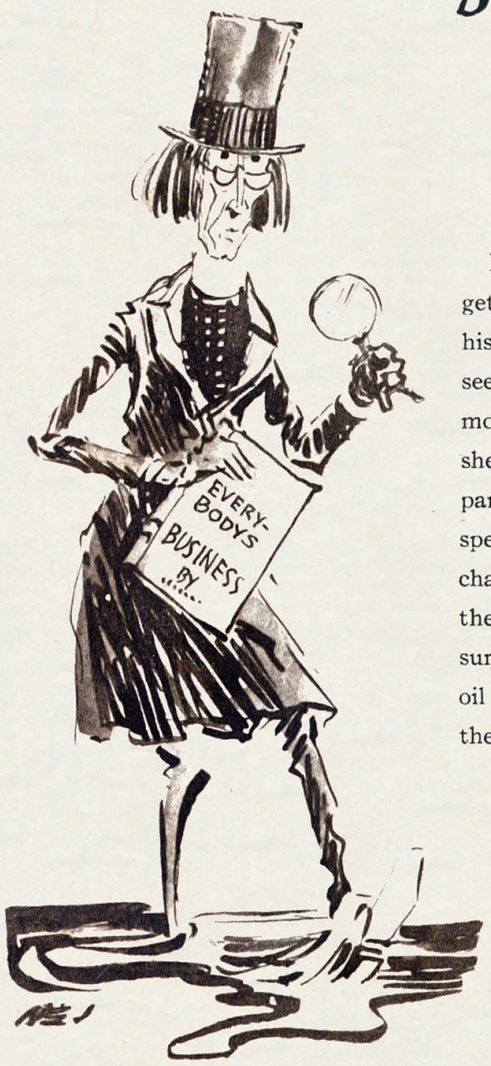
They never would be Missed

by Lyon Mearson



With solemn mien and lengthy face

The Reformer

Cadaverous and lank of form, with solemn mien and lengthy face, he watches —o'er the daily storm—the morals of the populace. His eye lights up in holy joy as deep into the mud he goes; immaculate himself, oh boy! This bimbo shakes a mean, mean nose.

The Movie Bug

In some premeditated, subtle way, he gets a seat directly in your rear, and slips his friend the dope about the play: "I seen this fillum onct when it wuz here, a month ago; that dame that plays the lead, she loves the boid that wears the flannel pants, a collidge kid that's got a woild of speed but no control; I wisht I had his chance to cop that jane—it's soft, I'll tell the woild." He spoils the night for the surrounding crowd. Ah me! In redhot oil I'd have him boiled what time he reads the titles out aloud.

"I seen this fillum onct . . ."

This mournful pest is known to everyone

The Crepe Hanger

This mournful pest is known to everyone; the law protects him, so they let him live. "This here Woild's Serious." he says. "It's fixed. Just lissen here, my boy, I wouldn't give a nickel for a dozen front row seats." When you are filling Lizzie full of gas he warns you that you'd better stay at home. Migawd, the roads is something fierce, alas! He says you'll freeze to death from lack of coal. He knows, from inside dope, your bank will fail, and every time he meets you on the street he clicks his tongue: "You're lookin' awful pale; my uncle, him what died, wuz just like you—he never would admit that he wuz sick That man dropped off like *that* . . . always knew. . . ."

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The Heart of a Tinpanner

(*Continued from Page 18*)

She had seen Moberley once or twice in this time—not as often as she would have liked, for Gina by this time was a twice-told tale to Moberley, and he needed some excuse, such as Leinster, to whoop things up more frequently. With Leinster and Olive, a pleasant quartet, Moberley would have found fresh interest in the game; but as the years rolled by—and he had known Gina for all of nine years—there was often more stimulus in a book than in a woman—this woman. Gina was keen-sighted enough to realize this, and therefore she sought an interview with Kit Leinster with one eye to her own welfare.

Kit courteously arranged a meeting at one of the Broadway hotels. Gina was prompt to the second, and all smiles. She played her cards prettily—Thursday was Olive's birthday and she wanted to give a little party for her chum. She had thought of dinner, theatre, and supper—Forrest Moberley would arrange the details. The thing was was *he* free?—could he come to this very fine party on Thursday? Leinster heard her through without a word, and then he declared without comment that he would be delighted to make a fourth for the evening. He offered no excuses for his behavior, his strange silence, and it was characteristic that he asked no questions about Olive. Really, he presented a stone wall to Gina's smiling countenance, and another girl would have been discouraged; but Gina Sevening knew the type of man she had to deal with, and came away congratulating herself on her clever coup. Leinster would make one at the birthday party; now it was literally up to Olive to square herself.

If Gina knew her man, Mr. Forrest Moberley understood his friend, Miss Sevening. She had left "everything" to him—which meant that he purchased the theatre tickets, ordered the dinner, and arranged for a table for supper at one of the roof shows. Besides, he sent a very handsome birthday offering to Miss Adams.

THE ethics of her kind precluded a girl from accepting anything of intrinsic value from a man, an angle of the game which both Moberley and Gina understood; but Gina, too, had many little tricks up her sleeve and she hadn't the slightest intention of letting Olive suffer financially just because she was a lady. Moberley had sent ten pounds of bonbons in a hand-painted box, and a tub of flowering white and purple lilacs. The candy went back to the confectioner, and the plant to the florist, both of whom allowed Gina Sevening, personally known to them, about half of their original cost. The hand-painted box alone had been priced fifty dollars—Gina said she was sure of it because it had come to her at least twice and each time she had returned it.

"Robinson's has sold that same box to a half dozen different men, I'll wager anything. Everytime the girl sends it back and demands the cash equivalent—or what passes for it. I'll get you about thirty-five dollars for the box and candy, and possibly fifteen for the lilac tree. What a shame you don't know a dozen men! A girl can easily clean up a couple of hundred twice a year—birthday and Christmas."

Olive had certain scruples on this score, but Gina dismissed them with a sweep of her hand. "It's worth a couple of hundred dollars for a girl to have a birthday these times, when she's passe at thirty and the town is filled with ambitious peeps of sixteen. Don't be old-fashioned."

Leinster sent cut flowers and fruit. "That makes it more difficult," Gina observed, viewing Kit's offerings with a frown. It was hard work to secure decent exchanges for cut flowers, which wouldn't keep like a growing plant, and fruit which often spoiled in twenty-four hours. However, she telephoned at once to both firms and some sort of compromise was made. But Kit Leinster didn't understand the situation like Moberley—Moberley would never have sent non-returnable goods.

"Your birthday will net you about seventy-five dollars," Gina figured out. "Oh, well; I've known girls who would have exhibited themselves in curl papers for half that amount. Though they never got far," she added quickly, as a warning.

Somebody—probably Minnie, his devoted ally,—acquainted Dick Thurston with the arrival of the gifts for Olive, and later in the day she was greeted by a long, thin envelope which had been pushed under her door. Thurston had sent her a poem! When she read it, Olive appreciated to the full his admission that he wasn't a poet, but it rather pleased her, just the same, for no matter how indifferent a girl may be to a man there is some thrill in the knowledge that he is "hers to command." This avowal was tucked away out of sight, especially from Gina, for Gina expressed herself as having little patience with Thurston.

"He's the selfish kind that would marry a girl and coop her up in a four-room flat, somewhere north of a Hundred and Tenth, or maybe Jersey. And he calls that love, when a smart girl can always better herself——!"

No. There was nothing to be gained from sharing this poem of Dick's with Gina Sevening, and while Olive wasn't in love with the man, she was secretly pleased at what read like his maiden effort in verse. On the spur of the moment she sat down and tried her hand at rewriting, retaining his idea and clothing it in her own language. Handled this way it became a readable piece of verse, a saleable piece. . .

"Oh, Lord!" she cried, panicky, when she realized where her thoughts were turning. "Keep me from becoming a mercenary wretch!"

Moberley was sending his car for them at six o'clock, since the dinner was to be very special, and the play a non-musical entertainment, was advertised for eight-thirty. Olive was still provincial enough to want to arrive before the third act, and so Gina had set forward the dinner a half hour. They were to meet the men at the Astor, and it was Olive's first public appearance in her new finery. The black frock was made with long sleeves and a square neck, and Gina contributed a string of pearls to the costume. By the simple process of unclasping a buckle the tailored hat became suitable for evening wear. The coat was soft and warm and good-looking. Gina complimented her without stint. Olive was really lovely in the right clothes, and for a moment the other speculated shrewdly as to the lengths she might go, if properly exploited.

"Why waste your time *en tour* with a man like Edwardy?" she demanded, almost impatiently on the spur of the moment. "You'd do better in the chorus, really—in the long run, you know."

"Oh Gina, I don't want to go into the chorus!" Olive cried a little scornfully. They were going downstairs, the car was at the door. "Everybody takes a dig at Edwardy—poor Edwardy!" she sighed. "You should hear Dick Thurston——!"

"I'm not interested in Thurston," said Gina icily.

ON the landing below, Olive, by craning her neck, saw that Dick's door was open, and that he was working at his desk, in shirt-sleeves and eye-shade. He must have heard them on the stairs, too, but he didn't turn, although his typewriter was silent, as if he waited, breathlessly. Olive left Gina and scurried to his door.

"Pretty—what?" she cried, posing for his benefit.

Thurston rose to his feet, and his eyes wore a peculiar expression as they came back to hers. after sweeping her figure.

"Yes: pretty what," he said slowly.

She felt the reproach and mocked him for it. "Almost mine—only 'steen hundred more payments and I get a clear title to the whole fireworks. Of course I may be old and gray and rheumatic by that time, but I shall have had my fling. Also my tour with Edwardy. You don't approve of Edwardy—neither does Miss Sevening; you should be fast friends. Or friends, at least—far be it from me to indulge in slanderous conversation. Au ruvoir! And your poem was well meant, if ill written."

She broke off and regarded him with dancing eyes but he said nothing, standing there before his desk, looking at her as if he would command her with unspoken thoughts. And he did have a sobering effect on her. She glanced over her shoulder and saw that Gina had kept on down to the lower hall. Suddenly serious, Olive offered her hand.

"I'm sorry. I was just teasing. Let us be friends?"

Dick stuffed his hands in his pockets. "No!" he said —word and action were boyish.

"I don't play that game," he said, after a brief pause. "I don't want your friendship. If you're satisfied with a sort of sexless existence, go on with your friend. I'm free to confess I don't understand that phase of life, for a woman must either be nothing to me or everything. I love you, I want you, Olive. There can be no half-way measure. I guess I'm too primitive, too—too uncouth, eh? to play with the idea of living and loving. By God, you're either mine or you aren't! Which is it to be?"

She backed away towards the baluster.

"I guess it's no, Dick," she said, and made her escape before he could say more.

(*Continued next week*)

Mme. Pythagoras Tells the World

(*Continued from Page 12*)

"A Midnight Reader," Albemarle, S. C.—Impossible to read your numbers without the names. You can always suggest a fictitious name for purposes of identification. I sha'l not betray any confidences.

Hyman Eskin.—You are versatile, quick-witted and ingenious. You have originality, and initiative, but you don't stick to anything long enough to make a success.

H. R. W., St. Louis.—You have too many threes in your name. You are clever enough in many ways—particularly in the amusement field—but you are changeable. A combination of threes, with no deterrent other than fives—it is not conductive to stability or success. You are bright and cheerful, but change the spelling of your name and try to vibrate to a two , a six—or an eight.

Ruby Ellen D.—You should be in some line where your artistic and original ideas could be worked out. You lack somewhat in accuracy, decision and application. You have an agreeable and cheerful personality.

Elroy N. Elkhart.—You have tact and method, and a genial disposition. You work better for some one else than when attempting things on your own account.

V. C. A., Kimbark Ave., Chicago.—You have boldness, initiative and self-confidence. With more stick-to-it-ive-ness you should make a success in business.

Marilyn, Southington, Conn.—You are dominated by fate and generally do the thing that is expected of you. You are refined and sensitive; fond of study—some literary talent.

"Sister".—Your Path of Life shows you in the line of success and wealth wealth. You have a charming personality.

NEXT WEEK!

Prize winners in MIDNIGHT THRILL CONTEST

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Confessions of a Doctor's Wife

If a woman is nervous and hysterical — and a bit jealous — she is quite likely to have a hard time of it if she marries a doctor. The writer of this confession bares her heart to you

THERE she comes now! The woman I was telling you about. She probably thinks she is fooling me by getting a colored driver in place of her regular chauffeur! But that's the Van Stauffer car just the same.

This makes the fourth time this week, besides three hurry calls after night office hours!

"Nerves," she calls it. "Nerve," I say!

If Fred were not a nerve specialist, she'd have something else just as serious. What is she stopping on the opposite side of the street for I wonder! If I get too close to this window she'll see me. She has just given the building a sweeping glance. What on earth—Why of course! She's plastering her face with huge gobs of white powder. Trying to look sick. She makes *me* sick I'll tell her that! At least I'd like to but I can't afford to. When I raved about it to Fred last week, he merely pointed to her check, just received, and remarked: "She pays our rent. Do you want to live in a Harlem flat?"

Sometimes I think I'd rather live in the wilderness. I might have my husband to myself for at least one short half-hour out of the twenty-four.

Can you imagine such a walk! Languid, she thinks. I notice she couldn't resist the flaming lips even if she does want to look ill. And look at the purple shadows under her eyes—hand-painted. They show even from up here. "Nerves" is right—she's got her share! Yes, she does dress modishly, but how about being modishly healthy? She seems to forget that it is no longer good form to be sick.

I have more respect for that brazen flapper Elizabeth Wheeling. She always tells you that she came from Wheeling, West Virginia. She says it with the air of one who has put the state on the map. Elizabeth won't even pretend to be sick. She gloats over her good health—cashes in on it in fact. At least every other day and sometimes oftener, she comes bursting in and pirouettes around the office as if she was so overflowing with health that she must see a doctor about it. She's in there now. Mrs. Van Stauffer will have to wait some time I'm thinking. The white powder will get red before she gets into the consulting room. Elizabeth is a sticker. But Fred doesn't seem to mind so much.

I spoke to Fred about her one day. He only laughed. "She's the best 'ad' I've got," he declared. "Why, she claims that it is all because of me that she has such abounding pep and vitality—she's pep-y enough alright. Do you want me to tell her not to come?"

Fred always has an excuse. If I say one word he turns the whole matter in such a way that I'm responsible if he loses a patient.

And then, too, he always throws it up to me that I insisted upon his moving the office up to the house. I don't know but what I was less worried when he had his office on Fifty-seventh Street. I didn't see so much.

But any woman would have done what I did. I used to drop into the office when I was down-town—of course, why shouldn't I? Isn't he my husband? I'd never have seen him if I hadn't.

Once when I said that much to Fred he got furious at me. "No, I am not your husband," he yelled. "I'm a doctor; first, last and all the time. Being your husband is merely incidental."

"But," I protested," righteously enough I'm sure—I wasn't angry, at least not so very—"Haven't I as much right to go to your office as all that flock of women who pretend to be sick just because you happen to be good-looking? I'm just as sick as they are, sicker I'll wager, than half of them."

But Fred wouldn't listen to reason.

Never will I forget the awful things he said to me that day. I had taken the children down to get some new shoes and some toys and of course they wanted to go up and see "Daddy." And so I took them up and there was the reception room filled with those women. They all looked appetizingly healthy to me. And that snippy office-girl of Fred's too! She tried every way to get rid of me—I knew perfectly well what she was doing, although I pretended not to.

And when Fred came to the door of the consulting room and said, "Who's next?" little Margery ran up to him and said, "O, Daddy look! I've got some new shoes; they cost 69 cents."

Margery has the queerest way of always trying to tell what things cost and of course she's too young to remember. Fancy that whole roomful of women thinking that I bought 69 cent shoes for our children. Of course Fred was furious. But it wasn't my fault He never said a word. He smiled as icily as though we had been impertinent strangers and told the girl to send in Mrs. Van Stauffer. She never looked at me but sailed languidly past me. I had to go. The children made such a noise I got nervous and I had to shake Ethel to make her stop pounding the chair with her heels.

WHEN Fred came home that night he was as angry as I've ever seen him. He said that no doctor could be successful with a wife hanging around his office all the time and especially when she acted as nervous and hysterical as I did—and he a nerve specialist! I almost left him that time, and went home to mother. But when I thought of living in Girard, Kansas, even on a liberal income, my courage failed me. Being the wife of a nerve specialist has done enough to my nerves all right.

I could see plainly that Mrs. Van Stauffer would marry him within a week after we had been divorced—she's that kind. She married that old millionaire Van Stauffer and inside of eight months she had got all his money and had divorced him. She works fast. Fred is so busy that before he'd know it, she'd have him all tied and labeled. I'd pit her against even Elizabeth, despite Elizabeth's too-exuberant vitality.

Besides, Mrs. Van Stauffer's money counts. No doctor would overlook a point like that. Fred says they can't afford to; that if it were not for wealthy women, doctors would starve to death.

"You don't suppose women like Elizabeth Wheeling ever pay their doctors' bills do you?" Fred wanted to know during the course of our quarrel—it was a quarrel I must admit. "And I can tell you right now," he went on, "that the services I rendered Mrs. Wainwright-Brown two years ago when her husband called me up in the night because she was having hysterics, haven't been paid for yet. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Van Stauffer and Ann—I mean Mrs. Harrigan——"

Fred stopped there. I guess the look on my face did the trick. His allusion to Ann Harrigan was a slip of the tongue. That woman's name had not been mentioned in our house for so long I had almost forgotten it myself. Almost but not quite. No woman could utterly forget the things that Ann Harrigan's name was associated with.

I'd hesitate to tell it here only the name I'm giving isn't the right one and I'm not telling who I am.

A woman friend of mine tells me that I'm perfectly safe. The wife of almost any doctor in the city or in any city for that matter, might relate an identical experience. Perhaps she is right. But

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I think that a doctor who specializes in "nerves" must attract the worst kind of women—nice women, of course, I mean. Other diseases have to show some excuse for being. But "nerves!" You can conceal them anywhere about your person; and they don't interfere with your being beautiful; they don't keep you tied up in the house or the hospital—you can play golf or go swimming, with nerves. You can even take your nerve doctor along with you—if you've got nerve enough—that's what I always say.

But I'm going to tell the truth about Ann Harrigan. If it fits other doctors' wives—so much the worse. The world ought to know what we wives of good-looking doctor-men have to put up with in the name of "practice."

ANYWAY, Ann Harrigan pretended to be devoted to me. She was at our house every morning. She'd come in her Rolls-Royce with her liveried chauffeur. She'd gush all over the place about the "dear kiddies" and then she'd insist upon us going out into the country for the day. "The dear kiddies" you know!

Once in a great while she'd really go with us. It must have bored her to death to do it, but one has to make some sacrifices to Eros.

I often wonder how women who are so utterly lazy and selfish in most respects can go to such lengths of trouble to carry on an intrigue with some other woman's husband!

As a general thing we'd start out all right and then Mrs. Harrigan would suddenly remember a most important engagement, which had quite slipped her mind—"*How stupid of me!*"

But, of course, we were to go right on without her. O, yes! We did for a time, until even I, who am never suspicious—at least I wasn't at that time—even I, saw through her flimsy excuses. With me and the children safely out of her way, what was to prevent her from going right straight to Fred's office with an extra large case of *nerves?* Why, nothing of course! And nothing did! She was there every hour of the day and as many hours of the night as Fred could make an excuse to get away.

Mr. Harrigan was a middle-aged man with one thought outside of the doll he had married—that thought was money. He had loads of it. He would stay away from the city for months at a time. Some men are so accommodating—or is it self-protecting? I often wonder!

I was glad enough when the Harrigans left the city. Ann said they might remain South for some time, and I breathed easier—though I couldn't exactly say why if I had been asked—at least I wouldn't want to. And we moved into an expensive apartment in the West End. I know now that the rent is just double what Fred said it was at the time. And we had entire new furnishings for the entire ten rooms. And that Christmas Fred bought me a peachy diamond bracelet, and a Russian sable wrap that had been on my mind for a long time. We also acquired an elegant seven-passenger Franklin and Fred discarded his old roadster which he had always driven himself and bought a closed car, requiring the services of a chauffeur.

I didn't think anything about it at the time, except to be grateful that some of Fred's patients had finally paid up. That's the way he explained the sudden influx.

When Ann Harrigan came back to town and went to the Maternity hospital, Fred never told me a thing about it. I thought the Harrigans were in the South and was quite satisfied to let well enough alone. I might never had known anything about the baby if it hadn't been for Mrs. Jerrold who came over one day to make a friendly(?) call. I knew the moment she stuck her long nose inside my door that she had a couple of poisoned arrows up her sleeve. Nothing but a choice morsel of scandal ever puts exactly that look on a woman's face—a complex of satisfaction, malice, salaciousness, condolence, amusement and victory. And, over-topping it all, an air of self-importance that would have made the Kaiser green with envy.

"I suppose you have seen Mrs. Harrigan's baby?" said Mrs. Jerrold almost immediately.

I was so taken by surprise that I foolishly fell into her trap. She knew perfectly well that I hadn't seen it.

"Why—Why—Ann Harrigan has a baby?" I stammered, questioningly.

"Certainly. It is eight months old. Didn't Dr. S—— tell you?" She was positively gloating.

I KNEW I must retrieve some way.

"The doctor is a very busy man," I began, "and I've been away and—and the children have been sick——" I felt disgusted with myself that I had let her put me in the position of making excuses. And I could see that there was something else on her mind. She broke in on my attempted barrage, with, "Your children are both girls aren't they? Mrs. Harrigan's baby is a girl and"—she almost fell off the divan in her eagerness to get across what she had come to say——"I must tell you what everybody, that is, everybody that she's let see it, says. They say—the baby looks—just like——"

Some inner voice told me what she was going to say. I got hold of myself. I determined she wasn't going to say it, if I had to stuff a sofa pillow into her mouth to stop her. I arose hastily.

"Yes, I know, of course—it looks like its father—how pleased Mr. Harrigan must be. He has always wanted children. I'm so glad." I rattled on. "You'll have to excuse me Mrs. Jerrold, I have an appointment at four, and I'm already late"—I fairly pushed her out of the door. But I had won!

I sat down to think out this awful thing that woman had told me. She had told me all right even though I didn't let her utter the words. The nasty old cat!

I made up my mind I was going to Ann Harrigans without further delay. I wasn't going to let her know that Fred had not told me she was back in the city.

Inwardly I raged against the position in which I was being placed. A doctor's wife is always the favorite butt of scandal-mongers anyway. But Fred! Why had he not told me that Ann Harrigan was back—and that she had a baby?

What would you do if you were the wife of a doctor who was popular with his female clients? If, every once in a while, a new one appeared with an imaginary illness, to make a "dead set" at your husband? And if, for obvious business reasons, you couldn't knock her for a row of telegraph poles?

What did it mean? I knew that if I were to accuse him of purposely keeping the knowledge from me he would be indignant and tell me that I was small and petty. "How can I attend to my work and have time to tell you of the goings and comings of all my patients?" That's exactly what he'd say—and frown.

No! I'd not mention it to Fred—but I would go straight over and pretend to Ann Harrigan that the doctor had told me about the baby and everything. I'd find some excuse on the way over.

I fled to the street and hailed a passing taxi, giving the driver the Harrigan's address.

Ann was startled and evidently much surprised when she saw me, but I acted my part like a veteran actress.

I kissed her cheek and apologized for not having called before—relating the same story I had tried to tell Mrs. Jerrold about having been out of town and the children sick—and everything.

I don't know whether or not she understood what I was trying to do—but at least I'd not let her think that my husband had secrets from me—secrets that concerned her, anyway.

I turned my attention to the baby.

"The little darling. How much she looks like her father?" I cooed, and Ann looked pleased.

Well, I came away from that place—a victor. I've always been proud of myself for that little job. Afterwards I had Ann over and gave a luncheon in her honor—I invited Mrs. Jerrold too. I was affectionate in my manner toward Ann. I casually remarked how pleased Mr. Harrigan was that the baby looked like him. I saw the group exchange winks but they didn't know I saw them. I was glad enough when Ann announced that she and Mr. Harrigan were going to South America to reside.

I can only hope that Ann has learned to be discreet. They say those dark-skinned South American doctors are so fascinating!

Well, that's the story of Ann Harrigan. All I ever said to Fred about it was that I thought he made a great mistake not to have told me at once that Ann Harrigan was in the city and that they (I purposely said "they") had a lovely baby. I reminded him what cats women are, and that our friends naturally had been surprised when I had not known she was back—and had a baby.

I suppose Fred knew that I knew what had been said. At least he suspected. One never does really know things one doesn't want to know. It is easier.

Incidentally it was at this time that Fred consented to give up his down-town office and use the suite on the ground floor of our apartment.

After the Harrigans had left the city Fred never mentioned them. So when he let slip the name that day, he knew he had made what the French call a *faux pas* and he tried to recover ground. He got angry. He always does when he is in the wrong, and wants to close the argument.

"You may just as well understand, Alice," said he, "that rich women with nothing to do but spend money are going to have "nerves"—and lots of them. If I don't take their cases some one else will, and the more nerves they have the better, say I. They are a godsend to professional men. Personally I call them public benefactors. How else do you think you'd get expensive fur coats and jewels and five servants and live in a spacious, elegant apartment in the fashionable part of the city?"

With that he went out and slammed the door after him.

I suppose that if I were not a sensible woman, I'd have created a scene and left my husband then and there—not to mention several other occasions.

But I argued it all out with myself and I realized then as I do now, that every woman has something to put up with. Whenever I'm tempted to rebel and demand a new state of affairs I think of poor Lucy. Lucy was my girlhood chum. She married a class-mate of Fred's. They settled down in Waynesville, Ohio, and her husband has jogged along all these years, with a small country practise. Lucy has five children and she hasn't had a new coat in ten years—she wrote me so herself. And she does her own housework and makes all the childrens' clothes.

ONE thought of Lucy acts like a traffic cop's signal to my naturally rebellious temperament.

And then Fred—! Fred really ought to have been an ambassador—he has a talent for putting you in the wrong that amounts to positive genius. You don't dare make a complaint. If you try to, before you know it, you are defending yourself from all sorts of implied accusations. He makes you feel like a poor relation registering ingratitude for boundless favors.

Sometimes though, I do pity Fred. He needs all the genius he's got after all. You've no idea how women can worry a man, and twist the simplest word to mean something the word never did, nor could, mean.

There was the case of Amarinth Arline Bradley. Just the name will tell you what she was like—fine old family and all that. Amarinth Arline was somewhere beyond forty—she owned to thirty-five, that's how I know—when she began coming to Fred. "A nervous breakdown," she told him.

How Fred does hate to have a woman come in to see him with her case all self-diagnosed! How on earth can a woman think she has a nervous breakdown when she hasn't a single thing to worry her—no husband or children, and with money enough to get along with—even if she isn't so wonderfully rich? But I'll admit there was something wrong with Araminth Arline, mentally if not physically.

She had the aberration that she was an authoress—no one that I ever knew had ever seen anything she wrote, but she spent hours at her typewriter in her "den" so she said.

Anyway, she came—self-diagnosed as a nervous breakdown. We had met her at a dinner given by the Worthnut-Jones's. She took up all Fred's time that evening telling him about herself. "The doctor is *so* sympathetic," she told me!

That was one time I enjoyed having a woman make a dead set for my husband. She was one of a type of woman that Fred particularly hates—tall, angular, and pop-eyed, with rows of slightly protruding tombstone teeth. She affected Burne-

(*Continued on Page 24*)

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Why I Think Enright is Mistaken

By An Ex-Bank Burglar

IN the October 7 issue of MIDNIGHT, I read a story, "Are The Crooks Cleverer Than the Cops?", an interview with Richard E. Enright, Commissioner of the New York Police Department. Now, my dear Editor, I should like to say a word or two about this story and for the purpose of convincing you that I am thoroughly qualified to analyze some of the things set forth by Mr. Enright in his interview, I will say that I am an ex-bank burglar. For fifteen years I rambled up and down the trails of the under-world, dynamiting banks, burglarizing big jewelry houses, sticking up trains and stage coaches, occasionally dangling across the briney deep on transatlantic liners as a card shark.

I know the under-world up one side and down the other. There is no phase of criminality with which I am not familiar. In the vernacular of the under-world, I know a thing or two about "dicks," I know something about their personalities, about their methods, and I also know considerable about the things that the detectives do not, which they should do to compete with the crooks. I have burglarized several hundred banks in this country and Europe, which netted me a million and a half of dollars. I have been in the toils three times for bank burglarizing, once in Vermont, once in Connecticut, once in North Carolina. The detectives, of course, were responsible for my capture, but notwithstanding the fact that detectives have sent me to prison three times, I number among my friends some of the best detectives in the world, so that any criticism that I may offer of Mr. Enright's ideas, is not the criticism of a crook who is prejudiced against detectives in general. Now that I have got this off my chest, I shall analyze Mr. Enright's remarks.

First of all, he says that there is a new crook in the under-world today, that the crook of today is infinitely more resourceful than the crook of ten, twenty or forty years ago. He says that the modern offenders against society make the bandits of the earlier days of the treeless plains, of the great open western country look like a bunch of "also-rans." He says that if Jessie James, Black Bart, High Card Mike, the Younger Brothers or the Dalton boys were alive and operating today, as they operated forty years ago, that "The entire criminal fraternity would unite in awarding them the furlined shaving mug for supreme stupidity."

Now, my dear Mr. Editor, Mr. Enright is entirely and absolutely wrong when he says that the crook of today is a far better crook than the crook of five, ten, or forty years ago. The hold-up man of today operates precisely the same as the James boys did. Of course, I grant you that the automobile has proved an asset to the hold-up man for the very good reason that it facilitates his "get-away." There is absolutely nothing new in the methods of the modern hold-up man, not a thing in the world, and as a matter of fact, the bandits of the plains were a better combination of performers than the dope crazed gangsters of the under-world herd, who have been killing and plundering in this country during the past five years. The old-time "stickup-men" who terrorized the early settlers of the so-called "Wild and Wooly West" were not nearly so bloodthirsty as the cocaine-crazed and pipe-smoking degenerates who have been operating in this country during the recent carnival of crime. "Old Nevada Mike," my first tutor in crime, a man who had "stuck up" stage coaches, trains and gambling houses never once shot a human being. The "killers" in the underworld are the dope fiends.

"Science and invention in recent years," says Mr. Enright, "has done much to aid the crooks, and in their varied enterprises, the outlaws now use tools as finely made as those intended for the use of jewelers, and chemists, speeding motor cars, the radio, the telegraph and the telephone. I believe that the automobile has been one of the chief causes for the increase in major crimes, particularly hold-ups and gang shootings in recent years." Once again, my dear Editor, Mr. Enright is wrong. The only under-world marauder who has changed his methods in any particular is the bank burglar.

Forty years ago, the bank burglar used dynamite to blast open bank baults and safes. When the time-lock safe and vault came on the market, the burglars had to resort to the use of a new explosive. The new explosive was nitro-glycerine. The tools of the cracksmen of today are the same kind of tools that were used by the cracksmen of twenty years ago. The only tools that the bank burglar has ever used in the history of bank burglaries, are as follows: drills, wedges, force screws, sledge hammers, crow bars, and "jimmies." When Mr. Enright says that the crooks in their varied enterprises" now use tools as finely made as those intended for the use of jewelers," he is talking through his hat. The only crooks that I can think of who ever use tools are the common, ordinary safe crackers and bank burglars.

Neither science nor invention of any kind had anything at all to do with the recent crime wave of hold-ups, and once again, I say to you that the crook of today is not any more clever than the crook of twenty-five years ago, and the thing that created the crime wave of day-light hold-ups was nothing more than unemployment in the underworld. Of course, you do not know what I mean by "unemployment in the underworld," so it will be necessary for me to touch on underworld evolution so that you will be able to "get" me.

MIDNIGHT is in the fortunate position, in this instance, of being able to give both sides of an argument — something that some can't do and a lot won't do. The man who wrote this article knows what he is talking about; he knows crooks as well as Enright knows cops. We don't mean to contradict New York's Chief of Police, but we think our readers will be interested in a viewpoint of the same subject taken from an acutely different angle

The New York Police Parade. New York's guardians of the peace "snapping into it." The famous Police Band leads the display

For sixty years there has gone on in this country a competitive conflict between the safe cracker and the safe maker. About twenty years ago, the safe makers succeeded in making a burglar proof safe. This safe was called the "screw door safe." By 1915, nearly every bank in the United States had a screw door safe. The screw door safe could not be blown open and as a consequence, it created this condition in the under-world—it threw, so to speak, about two hundred bank burglars out of work. There were no banks that they could rob, because the screw door safe could not be opened. So that bank burglars all turned day-light hold-up men. When they first started in they had absolutely no under-world competition, but after the Press of the country began to feature their exploits on the front pages of their papers, why then the gangster element of the big cities went in for this comparatively new kind of criminality.

And then Prohibition came along, closing all the under-world hang-outs, and scattering the crooks into all the secret and silent places of the big cities, to thrive in peace and security. Any thoroughly efficient police official will tell you that Prohibition and the closing up of the under-world dives has made the detection of the criminal a hard proposition, but if the police had been business men, if they had sat down and figured out how Prohibition and the abolition of the under-world haunts were going to affect their profession of capturing crooks, they would have appreciated the necessity of new police methods. They did not do this, therefore, so instead of being out in front of the crook today, they are a million miles behind him. The police of

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this country have never been business men, the police of this country have always been about one-tenth of one percent detectives. The police of this country are always following the criminal instead of anticipating him, and the reason why they have not been real, honest-to-God detectives, is merely becaus they have not been thinkers. All the rogues' galleries in the world, and all the finger print systems, and all the line-ups at police head-quarters, will not halt the criminal in his career of desperation, and the police of this country have got to wake up to the fact that the police methods of fifty years ago cannot be applied to the detection of the criminal of today and get results.

Mr. Enright's idea of keeping the rogues' gallery of the country up to date is a very good one. His idea about the necessity of a secret service bureau is excellent and the citizens of New York City who are opposing it do not know what they are doing, and if the people of New York City will back up Mr. Enright in this secret service police idea, I will guarantee that there will be a most significent decrease in the activities of the under-world.

A SECRET police bureau is absolutely necessary if society ever hopes to combat the criminal, and a secret service department in New York City, would be absolutely useless if great care were not exercised in the selection of the men. Specialists would have to be employed. Men who knew something about bank burglars, and confidence men, and house burg'ars, and every type of crook. The secret service agent sent out to investigate the bank burglary would certainly have to know something about the methods of bank robbing, and the personalities of bank burglars to get the confidence of the cracksmen. The secret service idea that Mr. Enright speaks of can be a great success or a great failure; a great success if he uses tact and discrimination in choosing his assistants, being certain that they are qualified in every particular for the kind of work to which he assigns them, and failure, if he just picks them out by haphazard hit and miss methods.

But something more than the secret service bureau is necessary and that is this: the Commissioner says, "It might be a good idea for the United States government to make a careful registration of all foreigners entering the country and then cooperate with the various local police agencies in keeping track of the new comers, until they depart or become permanent residences." Right here, the Commissioner overlooks a fundamental in the business of crime detection. When he fails to make the registration idea country wide instead of only applying it to the foreigner. When I analyze his remarks from beginning to end, I find that he overlooks still an other fundamental and that is this.

The police department forgets all about the criminal when he enters the battlemented gates of the prison. They forget about him unless they have other charges to press against him at the expiration of his sentence. This forgetting about the criminal after he has been sent to prison is the silliest thing imaginable when you consider that, as a matter of crime statistics sixty percent of the prison population of this country is made up of recidivests, or men who go back to prison a second time.

Now all the up-to-date efficient police methods that the Commissioner might advocate and install would be absolutely worthless if he did not take into consideration the crook when he is released from prison. Why send a crook to prison at all if you are going to forget all about him when he is released? How do you ever expect to combat criminality if you do not keep tabs on the released convict?

Here is one of the most important things that the police of this country have got to think about and when they do not think about the ex-convict, they are simply making more work for themselves and as as result, making the business of crime detection infinitely more expensive for the tax payer. It causes from $3,500.00 to $5,000.00 to arrest a man and place him behind the gray wall of a prison. This cost includes the salaries of policemen, detectives, judges, juries, prosecuting attorneys, prison wardens, prison keepers and innumerable other hangers-on.

We are spending all this money and yet crime has been increasing steadily for the past twenty years, and from the present indications it has not yet reached its peak. The criminal herd of the underworld are plundering and killing right and left and getting away with it because the police are not thinkers, getting away with it because there is not, and never has been any well organized and intelligently directed effort to detect the crook.

MR. ENRIGHT is one of the most efficient police heads in the world. He knows every phase of the police work from the man who patrols the beat to the man who directs. He is both an executive and a policeman, and if the people of New York City would get together, to give him the support that he deserves, if the newspapers of New York will stop "balling-out" his administration, stop advertising the doings of the crooks, because their advertising brings more crooks into their game, Mr. Enright will be able to do things that will make them all sit up and take notice.

When he says that New York is the cleanest city in the United States, he is not "talking through his hat," because New York IS the cleanest city in the United States. New York is the head-quarters of the crooks from all over the world. They come into the metropolis from London, Paris, and Berlin, they come from the wilds of Canada, from the sun-kissed shores of California, they come from the South, prowlers in the dark, prowlers in the daylight, all are attracted by New York, just as the moth is attracted by the flame. I never go up or down the gay white way at night unless I meet sometimes two and sometimes three crooks with international reputations. Keeping New York clean is a Herculaean task, and Commissioner Enright is to be congratulated for keeping it clean. There has been less day-light banditry, less murder, less crime of every sort in New York City, in proportion to its population than in any other city in the United States.

I say this as one who has belonged to the underworld and knows what he is talking about. If Commissioner Enright will institute his secret service bureau with men and women trained as specialists, if he will make his foreign registraion idea country-wide instead of applying it merely to foreigners, if he will get away from the belief that the crook of today is different from the crook of thirty years ago, and make his men think as he thinks, he can put the under-world on the "fritz."

Confessions of a Doctor's Wife

(*Continued from Page 22*)

Jones draperies and altogether presented about as cheerful an appearance as rent-day.

Well, Aramith Arline nearly drove Fred to Mattawan. She was omniverous in the matter of his time and attention. She would come to the office as soon as it was open and actually stay until the close. When he would succeed in getting her out of the consulting-room, she would take up her stand in the reception room waiting for an opportunity to slip in during a lull in the procession, with one of her "just-forgot-to-tell-you-this-Doctor-dear" impulses.

And the things she'd tell him! Good Gracious! The things that woman would tell him! Scandals and intimate experiences and sensations of her own—I think she made them all up—imagined them you know!

Finally Fred got so viciously cross over it, that I was forced to cultivate her in order to keep her out of the office. He had a wire installed in the consulting-room that connected with our apartment on the fourth floor above. When Amarinth Arline would make her appearance, Fred would step on the wire and I'd know what had happened without his having to call me or say a word. Down I'd rush and say that I had to see the doctor at once. When I'd see Amarinth Arline I'd literally "fall all over her" and drag her off in my private car. Many a time I've had that woman on my hands all day in order that Fred might have his office hours in peace. Goodness knows the job was no Glad Day for me. Amarinth Arline would languish and pine, with a far-away look in her eyes and a deep, deep, soul-sigh rising at regular intervals like the steam coming on in the radiator.

It got to the place where she had to tell someone and I seemed the logical confessor—being nearest. Of course she didn't mention any names. But she confided that she was in love—"deeply irrevocably in love" is the way she said it, rolling the "r's." And the man was "a Greek god—a divine being." I used to sigh sometimes myself, envying her her illusions—it must be great to have only the ideal side of a man visible to you. Old maids don't know how well off they are!

Then little by little, she would tell me things that he, the "Divine One" said to her. She just *knew* he felt the same way about her—from little things he would say—"half-veiled, tender things," she would tell me, poetizing. She was so lifted up by them, and so certain of them, that I took Fred to task. "You must say things, you really must be leading her on," I told him over and over. Fred would fly into a rage at first; then after awhile he got so he would shut his teeth together and hiss; "I'll murder that old hag some day—I know I will."

One day I said to Amarinth Arline, "What did your 'Divine One' say to you the last time?" I had told her over and over that men don't mean anything by their compliments to a woman, but she was deaf to my voice. She gave one of those deep, soulful, ecstatic sighs and rolled her pale-grey eyes heavenward: "O, it wasn't what he said," she cooed, "it was the suppressed tenderness of his tone." Urged gently but firmly she admitted that all he said was: "Well, I think you are quite well now, Miss Bradley; you're looking fine, just fine." Poor Fred—he was trying to dismiss her case—even though she always paid promptly. And she paid well, too, for he had tried to discourage her by making his charges as big as he possibly could and be ethical.

But she was back the next day with a fancied weakness of the heart, and something had to be done. I began a systematic slander of my husband. I hinted that he was crude and heartless and mercenary. That he made fun of Love and religion and sentiment and wasn't even kind to the children—much less to me.

Did it work? Yes, it worked—if you use the word the way they do in vinegar factories.

She hung on Fred worse than ever. She hinted that he was misunderstood; that his wife wanted a divorce from him; that in her estimation, few women were ever "big" enough to understand a man with such a wonderful genius as his, and such a mission.

You'd think Fred was some saint come to earth merely to shed rays of holiness on the surrounding landscape.

We did get rid of her finally. But it was done through the greatest test of friendship I have ever known.

Fred's old-time friend, a bachelor, came to see us. Fred told him all—"yes all," as they say in the melodramas. "Save me, George, save me," exclaimed Fred tragically.

George promised that he would do anything within reason.

"Make love to her; cut me out; be a hero; make me look like a piker; marry her; do something—anything." Fred was desperate.

"I'll tell her that you jumped into the ice-cold river and saved my sister from death while I stood by wringing my hands helplessly; that you won all the champion football games; that all the women from here to Algiers adore you, but you like the intellectual, soulful type of woman; I'll tell her——" George stopped him.

"All right! I'll do anything but marry her! Lead me to it," he cried in mock tragedy.

WELL, he did I guess—do everything but marry her. I felt like a pirate myself—to stand by and see one of my own sex being made a fool of—but that's one of the many penalties of marrying a good-looking man—and a doctor! Even the homely, unattractive doctors have an awful time of it, Fred says.

After three weeks of George's impassioned wooing, though he swore it was all done by innuendo and quoting poetry, Amarinth Arline began collecting a trousseau. Then George was called West by a telegram. He was a civil engineer and had to make long trips into the mountains and across the deserts, where mail could not reach him. At first he wrote occasionally to Amarinth Arline—carefully avoiding giving her an address——; then an occasional post-card——and then one day Fred received from some imaginary mining camp in the Southwest, a wire informing him that his friend George had been killed in an accident "Bravely doing his duty"—that's the way it read. I asked Fred what was the idea of putting in all that bunk as though he had been a soldier in a deadly war, but Fred didn't answer me.

Amarinth Arline went into mourning with a wonderful, wistful, widow-like look on her face—and I have consoled myself for the awful deception by feeling that after all, she is better off for having her "wonderful romance" as she calls it. Better off than if she had married any man—if she only knew it.

She has all the sentiment and romance and illusion done up in moth balls, while I have—well, several sets of costly furs. And I still have the matter of Mrs. Van Stauffer to contend with.

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The Staircase of Death!

Invisible hands thrust back all who mounted those blood-stained steps—some toppled backward, dead! A review of "On the Stairs," with Arnold Daly

By Svengali

The pictures show Arnold Daly in two strong scenes from the play, which is filled with sombre mystery and gripping, hair-raising situations

THE CAST

THE SWAMI AHBUKEVANDA—Arnold Daly, in a jewelled turban and a silk sash, doing the worst acting of his career.

MERRITT LANE—James Crane, playing the young lover, in the theater of his ex-father-in-law.

ELSA CARROLL—Francee Anderson, a blonde, who can screech appropriately, but little more.

MRS. BELMORE—Margaret Dale, in a rather colorless role, doing good acting as usual. Some day she will get a good part.

LUELLA—Mrs. Charles G. Craig, who says "Lawdy Chile" and other alleged idioms which negro mammies never say.

Other players who play figure heads very much after the fashion of figure heads. In other words, a very good play, atrociously acted.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses. Through the open doors, the harmless phantoms on their errands glide with feet that make no sound upon the floors.

Thus sang the poet Longfellow. But the white-bearded old metrist had evidently never heard of an old house, seven miles from Greenwich, Conn., to which Elsa Carroll was heiress. There were phantoms gliding about its hallways, all right, and so far as can be ascertained, their feet made no sound on the floor.

But these phantoms were not harmless—not by any charitable stretch of fancy.

They seemed to take an impish delight in murdering people—striking them dead on the staircase.

Elsa Carroll, the young lady who owned the property, is the heroine of "On The Stairs," a three act drama by William Hurlbutt, which, at the moment of writing, is on display at the New York Playhouse. "At the moment of writing," is tucked in advisedly. One can never tell about plays. The most trivial kind of melodramas like "Lightnin'" and "The Bat" frequently hang on for years. "On the Stairs" is an exceptionally well constructed, entertaining and even thrilling melodrama. As such plays go, it is above the average. Knowing the vagaries of the public taste, I am almost tempted, therefore, to predict for it an early end. I should be glad to prophesy an end of some of the amateurish acting to which it gives exhibition. But that would be rash. The actors are almost certain to get other engagements.

The performance begins with a deft piece of mystication. As the curtain rises, we behold a darkened room, at the rear of which looms a short, broad flight of stairs, terminating in a landing. The shadowy figure of a man passes through the gloom and ascends. Another man follows, overtakes him, and strikes. There is a merciless struggle, terminating in a groan of surrender. One of the men escapes; the other is dead. From above, descends a third man; halts in shocked amazement; then, lifting the dead form in his arms, carries it to the second floor.

On this bit of prologue, the curtain falls, to rise again upon the library of Elsa's house near Greenwich. It is a pleasant kind of room, in which we find alone a costumed Hindoo youth with eyes expressively sad. He is attentively intimidated at the approach of a second Hindoo, the Swami Ahbukevanda, no less, in a white turban, gorgeously strung with rubies. To Barak, the young Hindoo, he is offensively commanding. The library has been placed at his complete disposal; under no circumstances is he to be disturbed. Barak makes a grovelling salaam.

Very shortly we discover that the Swami is a guest in the household, over which he has a surprising influence. The family consists of a blonde young heiress, Elsa Carroll; her guardian, Mr. Gregg, and an Aung Jemima servant by name of Luella.

Under the potent eloquence of the mysticism of the Swami, Elsa has completely capitulated. To her, the Swami is more than a mortal; an avatar

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with strange powers, calling her to shadowy uplands of the soul. Life is changed for Elsa. She believes herself being led along the road of spiritual adventure. The every day world seems shabby and dull. Over her the Swami has woven a spell of mystery and garish enchantment. She has only compassion for Merritt Lane, the impetuous young man with whom she once fancied herself in love.

While her guardian does not altogether sympathize with this, her latest fad, he is nevertheles impressed. He has seen the Swami do strange things. In the crystal, the Hindoo read the secret of a Long Island robbery, and located the missing jewels when all the detectives, private and official, had failed. It is all very interesting.

BUT Luella is definitely distrustful. She sees in the Swami nothing more than a high-yaller nigger voodoo. On sundry sacred portions of her person she wears the psychic armor of the rabbit's foot, scotched in a graveyard, in the dark of the moon, at midnight.

Here, manifestly, are interesting possibilities. But there are more yet to be disclosed. It seems that Elsa is heiress to an abandoned house, about seven miles away; the house, in fact, in which she was born. But no one has lived in it for twenty years. Her mother died there. Her father committed suicide there, after a quarrel with his foster brother. His foster brother was envious because no provision was made for him in the will. He, too, died.

There is a legend in the neighborhood that the front staircase of the old house is haunted; that no one dare mount to the landing, because invisible hands reach out of the air and push them back. It is an expensive tradition, because no one will rent the house. But at the outset of the play, Mr. Gregg is vastly pleased. Elsa is going to get some rent money from the ghastly old place at last. He has rented it, and the new tenants are about to take possession.

About this stage of the proceedings, there enters a certain Mrs. Belmore, a neighbor, who has had the Swami in for a lecture to her club members, and who is quite a personality. She comes with disquieting news. She has been robbed. Almost all of her jewels are missing. While she is telling Elsa about it, her revelations are interrupted by a visitor for Elsa—the handsome young Merritt Lane, who has come to make love to her.

Lane has heard rumors of the domination of the Swami's influence over her, and he has decided to tell her he loves her, and ask her to marry him, before things go any farther. He is a nice young man, and he is so much in earnest that he has come over in his working clothes—he is an electrician and has been fixing the wiring in Mrs. Belmore's house. Of course, he is poor, and Elsa is rich; he has lost a lot of money.

"But what to hell do I care whether you're rich or not," he demands. "I love you!"

Elsa hasn't had a chance to turn him down—as she is quite manifestly going to do—when the Swami makes a somber entrance. He remembers the young man. One gathers that he would be glad to be rid of such trifling remembrances. As matters seem to have reached a social *impasse*, Mrs. Belmore returns with an eager request. Why not ask the Swami to get out his crystal ball and find out where *her* jewels are. She has brought along her detective, Weatherby, and his man Culhane, both of whom are resentful of such fantastic monkey business. Give them time and they'll recover the jewels.

But Mrs. Balmore wants to try the Swami. Accordingly they all retire to the library, where the mystic agrees to consult his crystal. Lane remains outside to discuss rabbit feet with Luella, and add his white curses to her black animadversions on Hindoos in general and the Swami in particular.

The seance ends with disconcerting suddenness.

In the glowing heart of the crystal, the mystic has read a terrible accusation. If what he has seen there is true, Lane stole those jewels. He was working in Mrs. Belmore's house and he had the opportunity for the crime. According to the Swami, he actually saw the jewels reflected in the glass—saw them hidden in Lane's tool kit.

It is amazing to behold with what seriousness the charge is received. So earnestly does Elsa believe in the Swami that she bursts into hysterical moans, and leaves the room without a word to the man who wants her for his wife. That wounds him deeply. Old Mr. Gregg is perturbed. He has never seen the Swami fail. Even Mrs. Belmore feels that the detective should examine the tool kit. And with this Lane eagerly and contemptuously agrees.

MEANWHILE, Lane decides that he will go over to the old haunted house, see the new tenants and solicit the job of wiring it. It has no electrical connections. In his absence, Elsa comes, measurably, to her senses. She begins to think the accusation preposterous. When she learns where Lane has gone, she steals out unnoticed, into the night—determined to follow him to the haunted house and make her peace with him.

However, she has gone on a chase of folly. Remembering that he is under suspicion, Lane has returned, to wait the findings of the detective, who has gone to his apartment to search for the jewels.

Alone with old Mr. Gregg, Lane expresses his conviction of the worthlessness of the Swami. To Lane's way of thinking, the Swami is all that Luella calls him and worse. He is a cheap faker, a liar, an imposter. But the old man lifts a depreciating hand. He demands that this miracle be explained, that marvel disproved. With his own eyes he has seen the Swami work a peculiar magic. He does not like the Swami; he wishes Elsa would leave him alone, but he cannot discredit his powers.

"I'd like to give him a test," retorts Lane stubbornly.

"Why not?" asks Gregg earnestly.

Between them, they arrange a difficult plot. In order to test the Swami utterly, old Gregg is led into sinister confession. The suicide of Elsa's father was not a suicide at all. It was a murder. The old man, step by step, relates the gruesome tragedy witnessed in that enigmatic prologue. The foster brother, angered at being disinherited, slew his brother, Elsa's father. It was old Gregg himself who lifted the body and carried it into the bedroom and, to save Elsa from the stain of scandal, pretended that it was suicide. Two years later the foster brother died in Cuba.

"In the glowing heart of the crystal the mystic read a terrible accusation." If you love mystery and thrills, if the Unknown stirs you and haunted houses still have the power to cause you to shiver—in other words, if you like a rattling good, hair - raising yarn, get busy and read "The Staircase of Death"

Now let them call in the Swami. Let him remove the silken wrappings from his crystal sphere, and gazing into its clear depths reveal the real secret, known only to these two men. This shall be the test.

The Swami is unperturbed. He extinguishes the lights and bending over the round instrument of his psychic powers, he relates, step by step, what happened that night on the haunted stairs. Not an incident is out of joint. Yet it was impossible for the Swami to have listened, for any one to have overheard, that conversation.

At the very height of the horror of the revelation, the door is opened and Elsa rushes in, cold with panic. She has been to the haunted house. She ascended the haunted stairs.

And something—some terrible, invisible Thing—pushed her almost to death down the stair case.

As if this were not mad terror enough, the door is flung open to admit the detective. He has been to Lane's apartment. He has searched Lane's tool kit. And there he has found Mrs. Belmore's missing ewels?

NATURALLY, the second act is laid in the haunted house.

Almost immediately, we are plunged again into the swirl of violence and mystery which engulfs the place.

At the foot of the sinister stairs 'ies the crumpled form of a man. It is Culhane, the assistant of Weatherby, the detective employed by Mrs. Belmore. Plainly he is a badly injured man. And equally plainly, his injuries are a result of a terrific fall down the staircase.

The unseen antagonist has struck him down.

He rises, swaying, reeling, staggers across the floor and falls behind a sofa which hides him, just in time. For Barak, the young Hindoo slave of the Swami has come in, startled by a sound. Now we know the identiy of the new tenants of the place. They engaged it through a real estate agent, but we know tham at last. They are the Swami, and his entourage.

A scoundrelly scheme is on foot. The Swami, having Elsa more completely in his power than ever before, is bringing her to this house. Tonight they shall fly together. She is to become his wife. And of course her millions are to become his. From the conversation of the Swami with Barak and with Jankinson, a stealthy henchman of the Swami, we learn that this plan is the fruit of years of scheming. At last, triumph is at hand.

But when Elsa is brought here, she is vaguely alarmed. The stairs frighten her. Under no circumstances will the Swami permit her to mount them. He has another stairs, built through a closet. He wants her to go up there. But something in her makes her draw back. She had been on the point of writing a farewell not to Lane. Now she is afraid. Perhaps it is the blazing eyes of the Swami. Perhaps it is intuition. But she grows cold with fright. She wants to be taken back. Then the tiger emerges from behind the sleek mask of the Hindoo. She is overpowered, screaming, and carried upstairs. It is the definite instruction of the Swami that persuasion be tried upon her—first. But if she resists——

She must be quieted. They will drug her, and take her away.

The Swami is immutable on that point.

One hint here is helpful. It is the manner of Barak. In the veins of the Hindoo youth there is white blood as well as brown. He adores Elsa, for she has been kind to him, not with money but with kindness. But he cowers before the Swami; he will work the Swami's will.

With all his skill, however, the Swami is having his troubles. Lane has got bail, and comes to this house, followed closely by Weatherby, the detective. They are good friends, though Weatherby had to arrest the other. Their common bond is that they both suspect the Swami. And while Lane's purpose in coming to the house was to solicit the electric wiring, he makes common causewith the detective. Together they stand at the foot of the haunted stairs and jest about walking up its death stained carpet. They almost make the attempt, laughing at the superstition which clings to it, when something diverts their attention. They find a bag of jewels on the floor—rubies and diamonds; fake rubies and diamonds, in fact.

In a flash, they see the game of the Swami.

He steals jewels, has them reset with fakes, and then plants them where he can find them—through the magic swindle of the crystal ball. So excited is Lane that he rushes off to find Mrs. Belmore and have her go to a jeweler and test the gems found in his tool kit. This leaves Weatherby alone in the house, where presently he meets the Swami.

Weatherby minces no words with the Swami. He confronts him with the bag of jewels. When they are coming closer and closer to a crash, a groan reaches Weatherby's ears. His man, Culhane, is conscious again, and brokenly informs his chief that upstairs the Swami has hidden Elsa Carroll.

"So that's it!" snarls Weatherby, producing an automatic. Holding the Swami at bay he rushes up the fatal stairs—but at the top he halts abruptly, as if he had rushed against a stone wall; his hand is flung above his head; for a moment he seems struggling with some terrific invisible force; then he falls, dead!

The staircase ghost has claimed him as its victim!

A GHOULISH task is being completed as the curtain rises on the third act.

The servants of the Swami are returning from the garden with a lantern and a muddy shovel.

The body of Weatherby is gone!

In a closet they have thrust the unconscious form of the detective's assistant. If he comes to life before they get away with Elsa, he is to be handled. The Swami is now a desperate man. He frankly admits that he must escape, or forfeit his life to the law—for he knows, better than any living man, how Detective Weatherby met his extraordinary death.

He gives instructions to have the car in readiness; for Barak to drug Elsa and put her in the back seat. He and Barak will change to European clothes as being less conspicuous. And they will get away at once.

And while they are hurrying their preparations, young Lane returns, with Mrs. Belmore and old man

(*Continued on Page 30*)

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From the Underworld to Fifth Avenue

The Regeneration of a Lost Soul

THE woman who wrote this story came from a family in moderate, respectable circumstances. She takes a position as telegraph operator in a fine hotel in Boston, where she becomes acquainted with "Handsome Jack" Martin. After he had deceived her, he disappears. She buys a gun and comes to New York to look for him. She finds that he has been sent to jail for five years. Returning home, she is beaten by her father and turned out of her home. She comes back to New York and plunges into a life of shame.

A bit of underworld life

THE flashes of the guns in the dark together with the loud screaming of the frantic women and the noise made by the men as they knocked over tab'es and chairs in a mad dash for the door left me trembling with nervousness. I fell to the floor, close by the table under which "the killer" lay groaning. My hand touched him. I felt the warm blood and I shuddered as a vision of death flitted across the horizon of my mind.

Suddenly the lights flared up again. The place was practically deserted, only the singing waiters remained and the cafe looked as if it had been hit with a Kansas cyclone. My friends, Sammy, Kitty and Doris had flown with the rest of the patrons, leaving me alone. I was the only woman in the place.

One cold, blustery night in December, a few days before Christmas, while I was out on Broadway, I fell on the ice in front of the Knickerbocker Hotel. Two young men who were just getting out of a taxicab picked me up. The good God must have preordinated this meeting, for one of these fellows, Jack Gordon by name and a bank burglar by occupation, as I subsequently learned, gave me the first lift back to the road of the better life!

"Come on over to Jacks with me and have a drink," he said, after he had picked me up.

He didn't recognize me at the moment and neither did I recognize him. It was not until we got in Jack's cafe on Sixth Avenue that he staggered me by telling me that he knew me when I worked in the Touraine Hotel in Boston. At first I couldn't place him, couldn't recall having ever seen him before, but after we talked for a time I remembered him.

Jack knew "Joe" by sight and reputation just as "Joe" knew him by sight and reputation. There was nothing about Jack that suggested the crook. He was a well-mannered, soft-spoken fellow of twenty-eight. He stood approximately five feet ten inches in height and weighed around one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He looked more like a business man than a cracksman. He was surprised to know that I had got into the underworld.

"How did it happen?" he inquired. "How did you ever get mixed up with a hound like Scar-face Joe. Tell me all about it."

I told him the story in detail.

He roared with laughter when I finished. "This fellow whom you are living with is yellow to the core and I'll bet a thousand dollars that I can make him eat out of my hand. Now if you want to leave him, if you want to get away from this life that you're in why I'll help you. I'll put you in a sanitorium where you can break the drug habit and you can leave this killer as they call him to me. I'll guarantee to make him climb a tree. What do you say, do you want to get away from him and from this life?"

I protested that I was afraid to take a chance.

"He'll kill the both of us if he ever found it out," I told Jack.

He laughed again, louder than ever, ridiculing my fears.

"That bird has certainly got you buffaloed, hasn't he?"

"Yes," I answered, "but you know that he has killed several men. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know all about his killings. He shot all of them in the back when they weren't looking and when they didn't have any guns to protect themselves. He is a typical, dope-fiend gangster, I tell you and he will blow up the first time that anybody with any guts bumps into him."

"Everybody in the tenderloin is afraid of him," I replied.

"Yes," Jack exclaimed, "all the dope-fiend crooks like himself."

His repeated declarations that "the Killer" was a coward at heart slowly began to work on me. Little by little, doubt was creeping into my mind until at last I decided that I was going to take a chance.

"What am I to do, how am I to start?" I asked him.

"When he leaves the apartment tomorrow afternoon, 'phone me at the Knickerbocker, then I'll tell you where to meet me. In the meantime I will find a private sanatorium that treats drug addicts and make the arrangements for you to be received and treated. Understand?"

That night we went to "Billy's." All the pickpockets, procurers, burglars and dope-fiends were there with their girls. Every phase of melodramatic tenderloin life was represented—riot, revelry and debauchery predominated. The powers that prey were a merry lot.

Along about eleven o'clock "Sammy" and "Kitty" came in.

"Hello, dearie," Kitty greeted me, "ya were putting on the dog last night, weren't ya? I saw ya in Jacks with Gordon and I——"

"Joe snarled at me, "so ya was with him was ya; ——, well, I'll teach ya a lesson when I get ya home that ya won't ferget in a long while, believe me, young lady. Ya'll never lie to me again when I get

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through with ya and the first time that I lay me lamps on Mister Gordon I'm going to blow his nut off. Croak him, do ya get me, ya rat, da ya get me, and if I finds out that there has been anything doing between youse, I'll kill you too."

His face was livid with rage. His little wolf-like eyes glittered murderously. He pulled out a package of cocaine and took "a sniff." Then he was more violent than ever. He raved and cursed and swore and went on with his threats of what he was going to do to me when he got me home, what he was going to do with Jack Gordon when he saw him. I knew him so I kept quiet.

"I'll put him in a coffin," his voice trembled with desperation. "Nobody can fool with my women and get away with it. Isn't that right, Sammy?"

"You said it, Joe," Sammy replied.

"Ya know what I did to Dago Lewey, don't ya Sammy? Put him under the sod, didn't I Sammy?"

"And dat's where he belonged," Sammy declared as he twisted up his face.

"And that's where I'm going to put Gordon the first time that I get a flash at him."

Before he finished telling what he was going to do to Jack Gordon and me I happened to look across the room and there was the bank burglar himself, coming down the steps, his face wreathed in smiles, coming I thought to his death. I was horror-stricken!

"Joe" saw him, uttered another oath and reached to his hip pocket for his gun!

Automatically the music stopped. One of the waiters who had been singing quit right in the middle of the song. Every one of the patrons, all of whom belonged to the tenderloin ceased talking. All eyes were centered upon Gordon who sat in the corner with his back to the wall listening attentively to the "Killer" whose voice seemed to grow louder and louder with each word that he uttered. A little smile played about the corners of his mouth, revealing his even white teeth, there was a cold indifferent glitter in Gordon's big blue eyes. Slowly the smile began to disappear. He drummed the tips of his fingers upon the table, looked around the room in an unconcerned manner and then quick as a flash of lightning he whipped out his gun and shoved it into the stomach of the "Killer."

"Up with your hands," he shouted, "get 'em up quick."

Consternation and fear was written all over the face of Joe as he raised his hands in the air. Surprise could be read upon the countenances of his underworld confederates, surprise and amazement at the way that he obeyed the commands of the bank burglar.

Gordon took his gun out of the "Killer's" pocket and then ordered him to sit down.

"What are you going to do about it?" Gordon repeated.

Not a word from the "Killer."

"I should think that a hard guy like you would want to do battle."

Then Joe spoke for the first time.

"Do battle," he grunted, "fine chance I got to do battle with a guy who has two guns in his mitts."

"I'll take you in a room and fight you a gun battle. How's that suit you? Come on, do you want a gun battle?"

At this point the conversation was interrupted by "Billy," the proprietor of the place, who pleaded with Gordon not to do any shooting in the cafe, so Jack dropped the talk about fighting the "Killer," much to the perfectly evident satisfaction of the "Killer."

Well, to make a long story short, Gordon called Joe everything that he could think of and asked him outside to fight.

"Any way that you want to do battle suits me," Gordon told him, "fists, knives or guns."

The "Killer" didn't want to fight, he was scared to death, that was apparent. He was like a whipped dog at the feet of its master, and the cracksmen was making him "eat out of his hand" as he said he would do.

"Don't want any kind of a fight, eh?" Gordon continued.

Not a work from the lips of the underworld leader and then almost before anybody knew what had happened Gordon got up, grabbed him by the collar and held him with one hand while he hit him three or four blows on the face winding up the affair by leading him over to the foot of the stairs and giving him one good kick, exclaiming as he did so:

"Now git. If I ever see you around here again I'll run you in the Hudson River."

He scrambled up the stairs and was gone in an instant, gone from Broadway forever. He was never seen in New York after that night, when Jack Gordon made him "eat out of his hand" as he called it.

(*Continued on Page 30*)

Does She Own Him?

By Ila Damon

Ila Damon advises a reader concerning the moralities of present day married life

DEAR Ila Damon: Two years ago, I met a man, whom I instantly liked. He also seemed to like me. Circumstances threw us together. I soon realized that something was very wrong in his life. He was morose, discouraged, lacked confidence in himself although he had a brilliant mind. He was like a ship without a rudder—without hope or purpose. He would disappear for days and when he would return, he would be so worn and depressed that I feared he would take his own life. Without going into the details of the situation, let me say that in a short time I had completely revolutionized this man's character, and life. He was a college graduate and was a gifted artist. By encouraging him, awakening in him self-confidence and a sense of victory, he has made good and is now getting a very good income indeed from his work. Incidentally, he told me his story. He had married the daughter of a very wealthy man—a man worth several millions. The father-in-law put him into one of his business enterprises, in order to cultivate his business ability, as he, the father-in-law, had no sympathy with his artist's desires.

Then came the war, and the young man went, against the advice and wishes of his wife and her parents, who offered to get him immunity. Returning, like many other soldiers, especially of a high-strung, temperamental nature, he found it difficult to settle back into the old routine of work. This led to a quarrel with the father-in-law. My friend left the city—a Western metropolis. He came to New York. Finally he got a job, selling certified stocks and bonds. He asked his wife to join him, which she did. For a time they lived happily, if frugally. Then came the after-the-war slump. My friend could not make even the bare living he once had made. The wife wrote home for money. The answer was a ticket for her return. She went. My friend came home one day and found her gone, and a note saying that she had not the courage to face the hardships that threatened them, and she had taken the advice of her parents and gone home. The note was full of love and promises that when he had succeeded in getting a position that would give him a good salary, she would rejoin him.

Left to himself, under such circumstances, all hope and ambition and confidence in himself died out. He claims that he did try to get something to do, but that the employment agencies were overcrowded at that time, and that the best he could do was a few days' work as extra, chiefly addressing envelopes, and folders. At this he could not make more than $12 a week. Soon the furniture of their little apartment which they had bought on the installment plan, was taken back, for want of payments. The rent of the apartment became too much for him. He pawned what things he really owned—obtaining practically nothing for them. Things went from bad to worse. Finally, he became desperate. As he expressed it "My mind was constantly filled with thoughts of robbery, murder, suicide. I could see no hope not even beyond the grave."

He was too proud to write home the actual state of things, and so finally stopped all correspondence with his wife and her family.

The mysterious disappearances and the dishevelled, broken-down condition in which he would return from his two and three day absences, were due to the fact that he had become associated with a "Club," and by acting as "door-keeper," which meant that he was watching for possible police-raiding, he obtained a few "easy" dollars. The "Club" was a drinking and gambling place. Finally it was raided and he, in company with others, was taken to jail. He served ten days, in lieu of a fine, and came out feeling disgraced, fallen beyond hope of reclamation, and utterly hopeless.

Now that he has made good, the wife wants to come to him. He no longer loves her. He loves me. I love him. I feel that he is mine, that he belongs to me, because I saved him. I saved him, as actually as though I had reached down into the depths of the ocean and brought him back to life. More than that, because I have not only saved his life, I have saved his soul from despair and probable ruin. The law is on her side. He cannot get a divorce from her. She has it in her power to charge him with bigamy and disgrace me, were I to follow the course that my heart dictates, and live with him in defiance of the social laws. I am telling you my story, because I want to know what, in your experience, you would do under similar circumstances?

ANSWER: It is not a question of what I would do under similar circumstances. One never knows what one will do—until confronted with a given set of circumstances. My opinion is that the man's wife is a "piker," and a deserter—if the circumstances are exactly as you have stated. Nevertheless there is one point in your statement that I want to set you right on. It is this: You say that "he is yours"; that he belongs to you because "you saved him." In this you are absolutely in the wrong. If you saved him only in order that you might have him to yourself—then you didn't save him at all—you didn't even help him. You merely helped yourself—taking a chance on being able to keep what you had selfishly grabbed.

Unless you did your utmost to help that man, as you would, I hope, help any fellow-creature on earth, freely, gladly, without thought of reward, or even of gratitude, you did nothing. And, whatever you may have accomplished in aiding him to get a firm hold on himself, and to make good, gives you no claim whatsoever upon the man—No, not even upon his gratitude. If you love him, and if he loves you, the wife should, it is true, give him his freedom. BUT, my dear girl, you have no right to say what she should or should not do. Your problem is entirely concerned with your own side of the situation. Leave her out of your mental picture. Let him be free, as far as you are concerned. Put out of your mind the idea that he "belongs" to you; that "you saved him." You didn't, because you couldn't. You were merely the instrument of his regeneration. Truth is the only thing that saved him—or that can save any one. You showed him the Truth—and must be glad that you could. I do not say that you should not love him. I do say that you should not hold him by the thought that he is "yours." If you will realize this, and trust in the Law of Right and Justice, you will find that your problem will solve itself.

"LEAVE HER BE!"

HERE is another questioner with a knotty problem. This time it is a man. He signs himself "Reuben." Reuben wants to know how he can win a girl who doesn't love him. He says he can't live without her, and that she was all right until he brought his chum to see her and now she won't look at him.

ANSWER: I suspect that you did not care so much for her until she began to be a trifle colder to you, and you saw that your chum also liked her. Isn't this so? If you had been quite absorbed in her, you would not have brought your chum. However, you present the same old problem. It is essentially a problem of human freedom.

As far back in the history of human effort as we have any record of, people have wanted to influence, control, force "bond" and in every possible way, shape and manner—enslave others. It it isn't physical slavery it is mental or moral slavery.

Did you ever, when a small boy, have occasion to yell at another small boy, these trenchant words: *Leave me be!*

Cease trying to want to *make* her love you. If you really love her, go on loving. Yours is the joy of being able to love. If you want to make her happy—that's another thing. If you are sincere, you'll find a way to add to her happiness. If you succeed in doing this, she will love you—but for the love of Heaven, do stop this everlasting vice that human beings all possess, of wanting to *make* others do things.

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Dead Men's Clothes

By An Old Clothes Man

What becomes of your old clothes? The usual answer to that question, nowadays, is "I'm wearing them." But even so, there comes a time when you simply have to discard them. Nobody wears patches on his clothes nowadays—it just simply isn't done, dontcha know! And when they need patches in places where patches will show, the ol' clo' man gets them—and he gets some pretty curious articles sometimes, too. This yarn might clear up a few mysterious points for you

I AM an old clothes' man.

Early in the morning, late at night my cry rings high and clear above the city's traffic. If you don't know what I'm saying, you won't know what I'm talking about because tradition from the earliest times has decreed that I shout, "I ca' clo'. I ca' clo'. I ca' clo'." I do this until I hear, perhaps from high above me in an apartment house window a woman's voice calling out, "O-o-h-h old clothes man!" Following the sound and direction of the voice, I mount six flights of stairs and——

"Of course," the lady of the house says to me as she hands me an old suit of her husband's, "Of course I know they are not *much* good, but if they are worth anything I'll sell them to you."

I look them over, under, through, around and above most carefully.

If the suit is worn thin in the seat of the trousers, frayed about the edges of the sleeves and gives evidence of being "all in" I make her an offer of fifty cents.

"Fifty cents!" she cries. "My goodness, my husband paid forty two dollars for them."

"Yes ma'am, but that was before the war," I reply.

"No such thing," she snaps me up quick. "I *know* he bought them only last year. I was with him. Why they are hardly worn at all."

"Lady," I say in my best manner. "They haven't been wearing that style for seven years to my knowledge. And besides that," I look on the label in the inside breast pocket, "it says here that they were bought in April, 1915."

"I don't care what the label says," she returns with indignation. "I know he hasn't had that suit more than a year at the outside."

"All right, lady," I say. "Have it your own way. But fifty cents is all I shall give."

"Make it seventy-five cents and you can have them," she says.

"Sixty cents," I come up a dime just for luck. Maybe it's the first chance I have that day for a turnover.

"It isn't nearly enough, but I'll take it," she says, and I go away with her husband's suit of clothes which maybe, a week or two later, he will want to wear fishing.

ONCE I bought a suit of clothes, expensive materials and everything, which was all slashed to pieces

The woman who sold them to me had been crying. I could tell by her eyes. "Lady," I said, "these clothes are only rags. All torn to pieces, and such good materials and style and everything. Was it the baby?"

"No," she answered me. "It was—I did that myself last night. And my husband aint home yet and I want to get them out of the house so maybe he will think burglars took them. You can have them for almost nothing."

"I wouldn't give you more than ten cents," I handed them back to her.

"Take them please, anyway, for nothing," she pleaded. "Chuck them away. Do me a favor. Last night I caught my husband eating dinner with another woman in a fine restaurant. He never takes me any place, and I made up my mind to follow him. I didn't even let on I saw him, but I came home quick and cut his other suit of clothes to pieces so maybe he won't look so nice before other women when he has only got one suit to his name. Please take them so he won't kill me when he comes home."

I took them because I couldn't see a lady killed.

Another time a lady sold me a brand new suit her husband had bought only a few days before because she didn't like the suit and he wouldn't change it at the clothing store.

Wives whose husbands don't give them enough money to run the house often sell their old man's clothes to get money to eat. And who can blame them?

"Here," the wife says, thrusting the clothes at me like she was going to stab me to the heart with them. "Take the wretch's clothes. I can't wear them. I can't eat them, and since I must have something to wear and something to eat, maybe I can turn them into money."

I give her anywhere from two to five dollars and I leave your imagination to picture the scene in that house when the husband finds his clothes gone.

One wife, who put up that excuse, sold me a suit and when I went through the pockets of the clothes I found a five-dollar bill!

THE things you find in pockets are funny.

I bought three suits of clothes from a widow whose husband had died about three months before and in one of the pockets I discovered a letter written by the husband to another woman. It was a wild love letter and told how he hated his wife and how, when he died, he wanted her, the other woman, to have all his money, leaving his wife only what the law would allow her. In fact, he said that the other woman would find that he had made his will in her favor if she would call up a firm of lawyers he mentioned. The letter was dated July 7th, 1921. Apparently he had forgotten to mail it—but when I looked the thing up for curiosity, I found that he

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had died a week after he wrote the letter, of pneumonia. I suppose he was taken sick suddenly and in the excitement his wife had neglected to go through his clothes or else missed that letter.

Now what could I do?

Well, I found out that the man had left more than fifty thousand dollars; neighbors told me that the wife was a good woman who had put up with a lot from a mean husband—so I forgot that I ever saw the letter—and I tore it up and burned the pieces. So far as I know the other woman never knew anything about it.

I always considered that a five-thousand dollar letter, as I think I could have gotten that much from the other woman for putting her wise.

Another suit of clothes I bought from a widow had a little white slip of paper tucked away in a vest pocket which, when I took it out, I was going to throw it away it was so dirty and ragged looking.

But I looked at it and on it I saw "I. O. U. $267.00, M. B. G.," with the date.

I took that to the woman and when she saw it she exclaimed, "I thought so. John was always lending money to people. I know the man. I'll get the money." And I guess she did as she seemed very determined. And I guess she needed it from the looks of things.

Once I helped to solve a murder

The clothes I bought belonged to a man who was killed under peculiar circumstances. Apparently there was no reason for anyone wanting to kill him, and for weeks the police and private detectives worked on the case, only to give it up.

A few months afterward I was offered the man's clothes by his widow. There were nine good suits for which I paid her fifty-three dollars as they were none of them strictly new.

"Maybe," I said to myself when I got the clothes to my place, "I can find out something." Then I felt all through the linings and found nothing there. It looked like nothing doing until, tossing the clothes on a bench, something fell out of them which I picked up. It was an odd, foreign coin much smaller even than one of the old three-cent pieces we used to have. Maybe it fell out of one of the trouser cuffs.

I took the coin to police headquarters and told my story. They passed the coin from one man to another and asked me to call the next day and bring all the clothes with me.

The next day I did as they asked me, but they said they didn't need the clothes anymore as they had located the man and he would be arrested shortly. I promised to appear as a witness and the murderer was convicted. He appealed and was convicted again and executed.

The coin established the fact that he had spent the early part of the evening on which he was killed with a man who was known, by all his friends, to have such a coin. He was the only man on whom suspicion had centered only they couldn't get anything on him. When he was confronted with the coin, he turned so many colors and made so many conflicting statements that he was held and his guilt was established. In fact, at the last he confessed and said that the loss of his lucky coin, as much as anything, showed him that sooner or later he would be found out. The murder was one of revenge.

Women, as a rule, do not sell their husband's clothes until after he has been dead at least three months. They have a sentimental attachment for anything that belonged to him, so that it would seem that three months is as long as such sentiment usually lasts.

Grown up daughters have sold me their deceased father's clothes because they can't stand the sight of mother taking them out and crying over them every day. I hate to take such garments, for mother's sake, and if the daughters seem to be cold and indifferent, I refuse them.

The quickest I ever got a dead man's clothes was the day before he died. This man had been ill for months and moths, hanging on to life with a tenacity no one believed possible. He would never wear his clothes again, so when the wife heard my "I ca' clo' ", outside the window she called me in and sold me her husband's four suits with him looking on. It gave me a chill!

What becomes of the old clothes I buy?

The best ones, worn the least, are overhauled and sold in the second-hand c othes shops. There you may get a pretty good looking, good wearing suit for ten or twelve do'lars.

It is much better for the poor young man, or the worker who wants to dress in style, to get good, well-made, fine fitting clothes that have been worn a little bit, than a shoddy suit in a Cheap John store that sells the cheapest of cotton goods at a price higher than a good second hand suit would cost.

HOW DANGEROUS IS YOUR HUSBAND'S STENOGRAPHER?
If this question bothers you, the article we are going to publish in next week's MIDNIGHT ought to clear up more than one point for you. Whether or not it has any personal application, it's going to be mighty interesting, and we advise you under no circumstances to miss it

ONE of my customers, from whom I buy suits, is a young salesman whose passion is clothes. He has, always, more than three hundred neck-ties, thirty or more suits, twenty-five pairs of shoes and so many shirts he never could count them. When he turns his clothes over to me, they are as good as new. In fact, I wear some of them myself.

Here is a peculiar fact I have found out.

The average man has three suits of clothes.

I discovered this through long experience in buying and selling old clothes.

And patches are going out of style. I never see them any more except on rare occasions. Whether that means people are not so thrifty, I can't say. Maybe it means that men dress better than they used to.

It has often been said that "clothes do not make a man."

Yet, I hope you will excuse my little pun, which is an old one, "Many a lawyer has been made by a good suit."

The Staircase of Death

(*Continued from Page 26*)

Gregg. The jewels *were* paste! Mrs. Belmore is dragging Luella by the hand. All that Mrs. Belmore wants is a chance to get at the Swami and tell him what she thinks of him.

That chance never comes. They are waiting for him to appear, but he is long about his business of being clothed. And during that wait they have some good natured fun with Luella. With ten dollar bills—at ten dollars a step—old Mr. Gregg tries to coax Luella to ascend the haunted stairs. The audience trembles at the game. They know, what this group does not know—of the murder that was done there, just so recently. Luella is a kind-hearted old black woman. Will she, too, walk to her death?

Perhaps the rabbit foot protects her—at all events she gets up three steps, earning thirty dollars, but there she shops. She couldn't force her old black legs to lift her another inch higher.

But when she descends she has made a most important discovery. Her feet are wet. Feet wet? Are the stairs wet? Young Lane becomes instantly excited. He makes an investigation. It is true; there is no leak in the ceiling, and yet the stair carpet is soaking.

In five minutes, Lane has made an astounding discovery. There *is* electric wiring in the house; it leads under those stairs; he rips up the carpet and discloses wires and two metal plates; stand on those plates with wet feet and a man has stepped into death.

"Go get Weatherby!" cries Lane, shooing them all out of the house. Meanwhile, he turns to wait for the Swami. As an after-thought, he turns to the door to call to his departing friends; his voice is raised loudly, and reaches the ears of the imprisoned Elsa. Desperately she calls to him, and maddened with a frenzy of fear at finding that she is in the house, he rushes up the haunted stairs. There is no danger there now; he can spring to her help, with all the force and fighting strength of his young body—yet at the top of the stairs he, too, pauses, with uplifted arms; he, too, stands paralyzed with dread and presently we see the reason.

Out steps the Swami with extended fingers, from which one can almost fancy streams a potent energy.

Lane is under the hypnotic spell of the Hindoo!

Powerless in that occult grip, he relinquishes his revolver; he sees, unmoved, Elsa's hooded, cloaked form carried, senseless, to the auto .

Then the Swami wakes him up; taunts him, fleers at him triumphantly. But he reckoned without his man. Lane is on him in an instant; there is a terrific fight, in which the Swami's shirt is torn from his shoulders. But his shoulders are the shoulders of a white man. Only his face is the Hindoo brown. The Swami is not a Swami; he is not even a Hindoo.

With his gun recaptured, Lane extorts his confession. Yes, he is a white man. He is the foster brother, who did *not* die in Cuba. He only pretended to die. He came back for his lost fortune. It was almost within his grasp. He played a shrewd game. There is a gleam of pride in his recollection of describing the murder from the crystal ball—the murder which he himself committed.

As Lane turns a moment, the Hindoo suddenly hurls himself upon him again—and now it appears that Lane will truly be killed when a last, a final, a bewildering marvel appears.

At the top of the stairs is a face, a form, of a young blonde man. We recognize it, for it is like Elsa. And Elsa was like her father—the man the Swami murdered. At the awful sight, the Swami, who believed in his own magic, who dreaded the ghost of his enemy, pitches down the stairs, appropriately, to his own death.

But——

Perhaps you guessed it. It wasn't a ghost at all. It was Elsa, dressed up as a boy. Barak had done her that service; it was Barak they carried down to the car, and he had planned this way for Elsa to escape.

Of course, she is in her lover's arms at the final curtain.

A lot of hokum. A mass of nonsense. But we like our mystery play, and here is one without loose ends; with a reasonable plot, and skillfully thrilled.

If you come to New York—and the play stays in New York—you will have a good time if you go to see it.

Underworld to Fifth Avenue

(*Continued from Page 28*)

WELL, to make a long story short, he called to see me for three or four months and then he proposed marriage, and when he did I opened up and told him everything.

"Now would you want to marry a woman like me. Could you take such a woman into your home? Could such a woman be the mother of your children?"

"Yes," he said, as he put his arms around my neck and kissed me, "for I love you better than life itself. I have had detectives following you for six months and I know that your conduct has been exemplary. The fact that you've been honest with me indicates that you're a good woman. Let's forget about the past, that's dead, besides I haven't any right to expect any more than I'm able to give."

I've been married nearly ten years. I have had three wonderful babies. My associates are among the elite of New York society. I have completely rehabilitated myself in every way, and in conclusion I want to say this:

I thank the Lord that I've been able to come back. I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to Jack Gordon, and though I've been trying to pay him for the past ten years in a million different ways, it seems that the debt is still as big as ever. He is no longer a blaster of bank vaults and safes, for shortly after my marriage he gave up his criminal career, and today he is holding a responsible position earning approximately ten thousand dollars a year. The laws of compensation have handed "Scar-face Joe, the Killer" the penalty that he earned by the life he lived. Seven years ago he was sentenced to serve a life term in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia for manslaughter.

END

Will the reader of MIDNIGHT who wrote John W. Grey about "Murder in the Name of the Law," signing her letter "A Reader," mentioning the execution of Charles McLaughlin, please communicate with Mr. Grey through the Editor of MIDNIGHT, 119 West 40th Street, New York City

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The insistent demand for more mystery stories on the part of our readers has been heard by the editor of MIDNIGHT.

We are scouring the market for the most gripping, most thrilling mystery tales you ever read, and in an early issue of MIDNIGHT we shall begin the publication of a new mystery entitled "The Man with the Indigo Eyes."

Besides this serial, we are negotiating for a number of mystery short stories and as fast as they are purchased by us, we shall begin their publication in this magazine.

You have been accustomed to looking for thrills in MIDNIGHT---you will get them by way of the mystery route, more and more every issue from this time forward.

Watch MIDNIGHT for mystery stories.

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Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty

NEVER before has the attainment of smooth, clear, beautiful complexion been as simple, as inexpensive, as now. Anyone can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 30 minutes, mind you! In one short, half-hour you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion.

It seems almost magical. Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimples are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Ordinary methods cannot relieve this condition. Water clears the surface of the skin, but cannot get at the tiny mass of impurities and accumulations *beneath the surface*—the bits of poison that are hidden away in the pores and that are causing all the trouble. Massage may help temporarily, but stretches the skin and eventually causes wrinkles.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores *at once*. Certain elements when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant cream-like clay, which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

Each particle of this amazing new kind of clay is like a tiny, invisible magnet. When you apply the clay to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.

How To Use Domino Complexion Clay

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—Domino Complexion Clay. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while it is doing its wonderful work. In a few moments it will dry and harden into a fragrant mask. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken, and as the magnetic clay draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In a half-hour, remove the clay. With it you will remove every blackhead and pimplehead, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed!

It will have the soft texture, the fine, delicate coloring of youth. You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities and revealed a new beauty.

Send No Money

The wonderful beautifying effects of clay have long been known to beauty specialists. Indeed, many kinds of clay have been used in beauty parlors for years. But only now have the just-right elements been found which, when combined, create **a magnetic clay**—a clay that **draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.**

To enable everyone to try Domino Complexion Clay, we are making a very special introductory offer. If you act at once, a full-size jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you direct from the Domino Laboratories, without any money in advance. Just mail the coupon below—no money.

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When your jar of Domino Complexion Clay arrives, simply give the postman $1.95, plus postage, in full payment, instead of $3.50, which is the regular price. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with Domino Complexion Clay, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

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